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THE VACANT DESK.

INTERIOR OF THE BUSINESS APARTMENT OF THE LATE JAMES FISK, JR., IN THE OFFICES OF THE ERIE RAILWAY COMPANY, IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE BUILDING.—SEE PAGE 823.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1872.

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE LADIES.

FRANK LESLIE'S

Lady's Journal.

A NEW FEATURE.

In addition to the other attractions of the LADY'S JOURNAL, arrangements have been made with the distinguished composer, MR. J. R. THOMAS, universally known as the author of many of the most beautiful and popular ballads of modern times, by which the readers of the JOURNAL will be furnished, from time to time, with his compositions, both music and words being entirely original. The first of these productions appeared in No. 11, published on Monday, January 15th inst. It is entitled "The Darlings of our Home," and fully sustains the well-earned reputation of the author. By the adoption of this new feature, it must be remembered that, in buying a copy of the JOURNAL containing this piece of music, the purchaser receives in the music alone far more than the value of the price paid for the entire paper, leaving out of view its entertaining reading matter and superb illustrations.

DOUBLE OR QUIT?—THE ONE-TERM PRINCIPLE.

SENATOR SUMNER has done good service in bringing up his Amendment to the Constitution incorporating the One-Term Principle.

Though it is more than probable that a super-serviceable Congress, intent on the flesh-pots of Egypt, and the crumbs which fall from the Presidential table, will not let it be adopted, yet, the ventilation of the subject does good. Mr. Sumner's exhaustive speech on the topic was conclusive on the point as to the popular feeling on the subject, and the very lame response of Mr. Conkling confirmed the correctness of Mr. Sumner's statement. Our New York David took his small pebbles from the brook, and fitting them into his little sling, discharged them at the Massachusetts Goliath in defense of his good friend and patron Grant. But here the resemblance ends, for they only rattled like dried peas against the armor of the assailant, and showed the weakness of the arm that sent them.

Mr. Conkling attempts to controvert the reasoning of the Senator by the weakest begging of the question possible to conceive of. Stripped of its sophomorical flourishes, his argument amounts to this: "We have had twelve Presidents elected by the popular vote; and of these, the people have re-elected six. Ergo, the popular voice and sentiment are in favor of the Two-Term Principle, and Mr. Sumner is wrong in asserting the contrary."

Now, "facts" may sometimes be "stubborn," yet they are very often flexible things as well, in the hands of a special pleader. Of the six Presidents thus re-elected, four were the earliest Presidents, whose names as well as whose services carried a *prestige* with them which secured them the popular endorsement for a second term. The fifth was Andrew Jackson, also an exceptional man, and the sixth, Abraham Lincoln, under circumstances unparalleled. All the others—as well as Tyler, Fillmore and Andrew Johnson—failed in obtaining renomination even, and these later precedents are the only ones which bear at all on the question of the popular feeling of the States which have grown from thirteen to thirty-four.

Could we find another Washington, or even another Lincoln, gladly would the American people hail his acceptance of a second term. But to perpetuate an Administration as false and feeble as this, is not within the scope of an orator's arts or of popular folly to accomplish. We have had enough of an ignorant soldier in the White House, and of the army of jobbers who have made "a soldier's home" of its precincts, and a public purse out of the public treasury.

The adoption of the One-Term Principle in this instance by the popular vote, whatever Congress may do, we regard as a foregone conclusion, and we intend to show up the present incumbent in a series of illustrations, the initial one of which was Grant's Civil Service examination, and the final one will be his expulsion from his seat.

Mr. Conkling is doubtless working for his pay, since he has the distribution of the New York patronage; but his labor of love is a vain one, if he expects to continue it for another term.

The few who fatten on the public plunder may pray for a continuation of the present powers that be, but the country at large would bewail it as a greater national misfortune than even the rebellion.

The next Administration will have hard work to do in purifying the Government from the filth which has accumulated during the reign of its predecessor, and the task would be hopeless were it longer deferred. If Double or Quits be the policy of the Republican Party, it is bound not to win.

RAISING SALARIES.

AMONG the remedies for official corruption which our new and strong—we hope not spasmodic—ardor for Reform has suggested, is the suppression of the Fee system and a general advance in salaries. It is monstrous on the face of the proposition that the President of the United States should be paid but \$25,000 a year, while a Ward loafer, succeeding in obtaining the post of Sheriff of New York, should receive \$250,000. It is preposterous that the Chief-Justice of the United States should receive but \$8,500 a year, while briefless lawyers, acting as *referees* to our local courts, may and do receive more than ten times that amount. Could anything be more absurd than giving \$6,000 a year to the Secretary of the Treasury, while permitting a clerk in the War Office, already receiving \$4,000 a year salary, to enter into a Custom House arrangement in New York worth \$50,000 a year.

It is this bad system that leads men to go "on the make." It is the prospect of obtaining fortunes at a stroke which leads men to be unscrupulous in politics; to pack conventions and prostitute legislation. Now, the President of the United States may be, and generally is not, a rich man. The expenses attending his position are heavy, and it would be difficult for him to save \$5,000 a year out of his salary. It may be in harmony with the letter of Republicanism that on the expiration of his term the President should go back to the bar or the bivouac, like any other man, and earn his living by pleading in divorce suits or fighting *Arches*. It might be his pleasure to do so, but few would like to see him compelled to do so. Hence we affirm that the President should carry into private life that dignity which, say what we will, only a competence can give. Nothing in the world is so humiliating as financial embasement.

The French have fixed the salary of the President of their burlesque Republic at \$100,000 a year. Now, is not an American President quite as valuable as that of the French? It is undeniable that circumstances at Washington have changed materially since the time when the President's salary was fixed. It was then an ample provision for the unostentatious chief of a frugal Republic; but the Union has grown into a magnificent country, and it cannot be gainsayed that the people have developed a taste for the gorgeous and for display. It is idle to ignore the national tastes, and to pretend to a Republican simplicity the Republic does not possess. Abroad, Americans are noted for their lavish outlay; and it is sufficient for most of them to know that the hotel is the most fashionable or the restaurant the most extravagant, to go there. They are accused of dropping every hindrance in the eagerness of their pursuit of the almighty dollar; but this is certain, however unscrupulous some allege them to be in making money, no other people so recklessly toss it away. Where the President is surrounded in the capital of the nation by men of wealth making a display of that wealth, and deriving importance from that display, it is incumbent on the President to keep up the Executive Mansion on an imposing scale; and if the nation does not supply the means, wealth will presently be indispensable to the Presidential candidate. Thus the field of the nation's choice would be narrowed, being through its own parsimony limited to the rich. It will be necessary soon to revise the whole scale of allowances to the Diplomatic and Consular Corps. It is no answer that, because thousands apply, the allowances are sufficient; nor is it even an answer that those who do apply are well-qualified men; for it may be advisable that the representative of so mighty a Power at some great court should keep up a style corresponding to the magnitude of the interests he represents, which is simply a question of money. If the people retained the simplicity and frugality of their forefathers, who founded the Republic, things might remain as they are, and the

world would know what it meant. But, personally, Americans are the most extravagant of travelers, and extravagance is sure, more or less, to breed a contempt for economy, simplicity, poverty. When, then, an American leaves sumptuous apartments and luxurious fare to seek the Representative of his country in some back street, he associates the surroundings with meanness, and, what is more, so do all who know both the visitor and the visited.

FRANCE TO-DAY.

THAT was a suggestive picture in the *Graphic*, "Going Out and Coming In." The stolid faces of the German troops lit up by a far-seen vision of the Fatherland once more, and the gloomy quiet of the people as they saw the victors taking their last march over French soil. The companion-sketch happily hit the other phase of French character—the jolly-to-day-and-devil-take-to-morrow phase, only known to French skies and French character. And looking at these pictures, one naturally looks beyond them to other and different results of "the peace"—where War has taken off his harness and begun to beat his *sabre*-bayonet once more into a pruning-hook.

Whom the gods made mad for that bitter and blasting year of blood and stress, they did not wish utterly to destroy. Along the Rhine the song of homeward-bound soldiers replaces the growl of Northern cannon and the answering *whirr* of Southern *chassepot*. And in war-torn France, Peace, if not exactly sitting under her olive, is at least striving to prune and trail into health the charred and trampled tendrils of her vine.

We do not believe with the croakers of the English Press that the French people are utterly ruined by the war—morals, credit and character. Still less do we agree with those philosophers who rub their hands over it and declare it a godsend—a developing power to call out the higher traits, the latent resources and energies of the sufferers by it. This hyper-French philosophy could only spring from the mind of some amiable party who sat in a secure corner and pulled a financial plum out of the horribly-indigestible pie concocted by Bismarck. Some such philosopher may exclaim with the classic Horner, "What a good boy am I!" but will have equal difficulty to make others see it.

Nations are, in a measure, like individuals. The too great depletion of their systems causes a corresponding drain that is apt to result in inflammation. France has lost some hundred thousand useful lives—double that number of useful limbs. The regular action of her whole national system has been shocked; and the sudden rush to the great heart of the country has engorged Paris, without the power of healthful and regular distribution. The whole machinery of commerce and manufactures was stopped with a sudden jar that has left correction of its disarrangement a question of time—if indeed, of that alone. Prominent members of the trades and professions have been cut off, or still languish useless in imprisonment. The prosperous if oppressive government of the strong hand in the velvet glove has been replaced by the doubtful and almost despairing clutch from the pudgy digits of a man of theories; while the legislative branch, ogling Monarchy, even while coqueting with Republicanism, is in the pitiable plight of the ass between the bundles of hay. On the surface, one would never know that Paris had felt a war. The Boulevards, the *cafés*, the theatres, are as merry and as crowded; the shops are overloaded with brilliant merchandise; the needle of the milliner and the hammer of the goldsmith race in fulfillment of long-delayed orders. The Bois is gay with home and foreign equipages, and shows but little of the havoc made by friendly shell and hostile ax. The very ruins, cleared of their rubbish and made shapely and fair, are already the shrine of the giddy pilgrimage of fashion and folly.

On the surface all is peace again; but beneath it is the ugly rumbling of fresh intestine convulsion. And more than all is the prospect of bitter trial, this Winter, for the poor, on whom the burdens of France have ever borne heaviest. This is one price for the "national development."

The young giant "developed" over the Rhine gasped and spluttered a good deal when the sponge went up in his favor. He found it pretty hard to recover his breath; but when he did, he went into a series of wonderful kickings and gyrations. Then he commenced eating, drinking and being merry in his own sober way, with his flags and flowers, and the classic beer and sublime pretzel! But Germany has moved considerably since the day that put Bismarck number one on the Roll of Fame, vice Napoleon, removed. We have had strange evidence of the wonderful aggressive power of this people, and of the still more wonderful handling of its great resources. But the young giant needs watching. Having caused much anxiety abroad, he now causes more to his faithful trainers at Berlin, lest any "development" resulting from his training may not make it only the worse when reaction

sets in. It costs too much to feed, sustain and arm the young giant, who, meanwhile, can produce nothing, but only consume while he keeps up training. And French indemnity will not last for ever: the German army must!

This is another high price to pay for apocryphal "development," we think. The world, perhaps, thinks so, too—if, indeed, it has ceased to think about the matter.

"THE NEW DEPARTURE" AS APPLIED TO RELIGION.

ENVOUS of the fame of Père Hyacinth and other recent Church-reformers, the Rev. Mr. Hepworth, a noted divine and popular preacher of this city, has retired from his Church, and proposes organizing a new one, on most comprehensive principles. Dr. Hepworth was a Unitarian, but has become a "Congregational" minister, and delivered his first sermon Sunday, January 14th, at Steinway Hall, in the latter capacity. He proposes organizing a new Church, to be called "The Church of the Disciples," to be composed of persons "not already churched," or in the habit of attending any Church. He said: "In a city where only one-third of its population attended Church, there was ample room for canvassing," and such he would welcome cordially and fraternally. His text was: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism."

On this broad platform he proposes to establish his Church, regardless of denominational differences, declaring "the spirit of religion to be more important than any science of theology." He filled Steinway Hall with a large and intelligent audience, and when they applauded some of his oratorical bursts, he rebuked them by saying: "It is not your feet I want, but your hearts."

From all of this, it seems as difficult for the Unitarian brothers to dwell in unity as those of the other sects. Mr. Hepworth was a shining light of that persuasion, and Rev. Dr. Clarke, of Unity Chapel, preached on the same day a sermon on "The New Departure," a phrase to which a political rather than religious meaning has recently been attached. He was very severe on the "departed" brother, and "rejoiced" Mr. Hepworth had found his proper sphere, and betaken himself to it. He has failed in theatres, because he had nothing to say which men wished to hear. Now he has departed to a religion whose forms of worship are all nicely laid down, whose beliefs are formed by some leader.

Yet, it cannot be doubted that the secession of so eloquent and able a preacher from the small band of Unitarians inflicts a blow on that denomination. Nor can it be doubted that, with all the fiery zeal of a new convert, sharpened by the taunts of his former *compagnons*, the Rev. Mr. Hepworth will prove a sharp thorn in the side of his former Church.

We note the fact as a curious proof of the increasing tendency to free thought and free speech, in the Church as well as out of it, so characteristic of our time.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—NOT DUMB.

MR. BERGH is a great philanthropist, and he does his work well as far as it goes. The oppressed and overburdened horse finds in him an ever-ready champion, and the pigeon, destined victim of "sport," flutters unharmed through his interposition.

But there is another and higher class of animals which is badly treated, and whose woes even the noble "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" hardly finds it within its province to take note of. There are human bipeds in this city, numbered by thousands, who feel the force of Burns's lament that—

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn;"
yet no voice or hand is raised to remonstrate or relieve their sufferings. It is a fact, not perhaps generally known by the frequenters of many of our great drygoods establishments, that the unfortunate women who act as shop-girls in them are never allowed to sit down during the long hours of their wearisome day, but compelled to stand all the time—a rule as cruel as it is unnecessary, and entailing disease and premature death on numbers of them annually. Any pleasure-seeker who has felt the exhaustion and weariness attendant on a day's visit to picture-galleries, can appreciate the strain on the system, from the want of rest, which the standing position entails. If this be the case even while the mind is excited and pleasantly occupied, how terrible must it be when conjoined to the monotonous duty of serving customers, and going through hard drudgery all the time? We conceive this to be a case which calls for the interposition of Mr. Bergh and his Society, or some other association, founded on similar principles, which will not restrict its sympathies and its active benevolence to those animals that are dumb and belong to the lower order of creation.

Here certainly is a crying evil, and one that

our civilization should find some remedy for, unless we put this useful class beyond the pale of our sympathies.

Any intelligent physician will testify to the terrible effects on the spine of this punishment—for such it is—when made compulsory on females of delicate organization. Even the stronger frames of men cannot support it, for we have heard the complaints of the drivers of some of the horse-cars, with whom the same rule is observed.

It is well to pity and protect our dumb friends of the brute creation, and Mr. Berg merits all, and more, of the praise he receives for his humane efforts, and the success which has crowned them, until his name is recorded as that of the Howard of the equine race. Yet, it were well if some one emulous of his well-earned renown would attempt the same task on behalf of the unfortunate bipeds, male and female, whose sufferings thus far have found no voice and no avenger. Man is naturally a sedentary animal. His structure calls for the rest of the recumbent, or the sitting position, at short intervals. The Turks, who are wise in their generation, adopt the former as their mode of repose for wearied limbs.

We of the West dangle our legs, but rest our spines, on uneasy chairs. Yet, there is no one, however strong or active among us, who will voluntarily stand at his work the whole day through, without the occasional relief afforded by the sitting posture.

The ladies who in holiday times complain, after a day's shopping, of "feeling so dreadfully fatigued," can appreciate what their unfortunate sisters, the shop-girls, feel every day in the week, Sundays excepted—without the solace of expending liberally, and taking home its fruits, which alleviates the fatigue in the former case.

"Woman's Rights" find many loud-voiced and strong-minded advocates now-a-days. Cannot this Woman's Wrong find a champion also in the softer sex?

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BEFORE Mr. Grinnell was appointed Collector of New York, and before he knew of his appointment, he was waited on by a young army officer, employed as clerk in the War Office, where he was receiving a salary of \$4,000. This young officer had been on the staff of General Grant. His name is Leet. He had never been in what is known as "business." He knew nothing of commercial matters. He was not a New Yorker. He communicated to Mr. Grinnell the fact that he, Grinnell, had been appointed Collector of New York—a piece of information which he, Leet, could only have obtained at the White House. At the same time he presented a letter to Mr. Grinnell from the President, in which General Grant requests Mr. Grinnell to give what aid and support he can to Mr. Leet in his undertakings. In other words, orders Mr. Grinnell to take care of his protégé, and give him a "soft place" in connection with the Custom House—for there isn't an ass in the land who does not know exactly what was the intent and meaning of such a letter, delivered at such a time and under such circumstances. Having no alternative, Mr. Grinnell gave the War Office clerk part of what is called the "General Order Business;" that is to say, the cartage and storage of imported goods. This business the clerk immediately sub-lets to a practical storehouseman for an assured sum of \$5,500 a year, and half the profits above \$10,000, and then goes back to his desk in the War Office with a certain salary of \$9,500 a-year—a salary larger than that of the Chief-Justice of the United States. But Leet is member of a "Mess" in Washington, composed of General Porter, the President's Military Secretary, General Ingalls, the President's Aid and factotum, and himself. The "Mess" in New York would have been called a "Ring." Leet shortly discovers that the slice of public plunder he obtained wouldn't go very far when divided into three parts. So he returns to New York, and demands of the Collector the whole of the General Order Business, worth over \$100,000, and threatens that officer with removal if he does not comply. Mr. Grinnell reluctantly gives another slice. This is not satisfactory to the "Mess," and Mr. Grinnell is removed, and room made for an ignorant, shoddy politician of the lowest class produced in this city, and a business partner with Tweed, Connolly and Sweeney. From Mr. Murphy Mr. Leet obtains all he asks for—raises the cost of cartage and storage exorbitantly, and to the extent of a net profit variously estimated at from \$150,000 to \$200,000 a year! A nice arrangement for the "Mess," if Leet "divided fair," which we presume he did, in vindication of an old adage about "honor among thieves." In all of which the newspaper organ of the President in this city discovers "nothing improper." The "only" improper thing was (so it says) that he (Leet) should for a time reside in Washington, and manage this business in New York! Where is Baalam's ass now?

THE sugar lands of Cuba are of immense value. In Louisiana, the cane has to be cut before frost, and the sugar made under great pressure for labor on that account. In Cuba,

it comes to a maturity which it never reaches in this country, and may be there cut and converted into sugar at leisure, being richer in sugar the later it is cut. Moreover, the soil needs little more tillage after the crop is cut off than to burn the refuse left on the field. The new crop grows up, and the only labor needful is in cutting, grinding and boiling. Therefore, a much smaller labor force is required in Cuba for a sugar estate than in Louisiana, and, hence, far less capital, exclusive of machinery. The coffee of Cuba is of superior quality, and its cultivation is adapted to white labor and small estates. Coffee will grow and thrive where sugar will not, and thus all the soil can be used for practical purposes. The undeveloped mineral wealth of the island is very large. Gold, silver, copper, lead, iron, and sulphur have all been discovered. Columbus found the natives wearing golden trinkets; pieces of gold or nuggets of good size have been repeatedly discovered, at different places, of late years, and the copper mines which have been worked yielded a good deal of gold. Hence, unquestionably, gold mines will yet be developed, especially in Holguin and Camaguey, as also very rich copper mines. The annual revenue that Spain has been deriving from Cuba, may be estimated at \$37,000,000, of which from \$6,000,000 to \$10,000,000 went to the mother country. The balance has been wasted upon a host of officials, who domineered over the people, and ate out their substance. If Cuba has grown to her present position under a tyrannical, corrupt set of rulers, what might not be expected of her if the reins of power were in the hands of those who would stimulate all her resources, in a proper, legitimate manner? Cuba is joined to the United States by all the ties of situation and common interest, and her future should interest our Government as well as our people.

We are hostile to all sumptuary laws, for a variety of reasons, one of which is, that they never have been, and never can be enforced. They are either openly violated or secretly evaded. At the same time we are free to admit that the sale of spirituous liquors, "ardent spirits," should be regulated—prevented it cannot be. How this is to be done, with the best result, we do not undertake to say. The ultra Temperance men of our State, "Prohibitionists" they are called, despairing of a General Prohibition Law, have hit upon the expedient of Local Prohibition—that is, of allowing each city and each township to decide for itself whether the Liquor traffic shall or shall not be licensed within its limits. Now, what is to prevent the devotee of Rum going from the Prohibition township in which he may live, into the contiguous Non-Prohibition township, and having out his "spree" there? We see only one result, viz.: that, instead of having a mild drunk at home, if he were permitted, he will have a "big drink" just across the township line. We all remember that some years ago, when the "Sunday Liquor Law" was enacted, it was found necessary to exempt Westchester County from its provisions, in order to secure its passage. The consequence was, that the toppers flocked across the Harlem River that day by the thousand. It was good for Westchester, and probably did no harm to New York, where all the well-to-do toppers were sure to lay in their bottle over-night. Prohibition, local or general, is an illusion. Putting up licenses to a high rate would probably shut up most groggeries, in places and districts where they are most dangerous.

HOW FAR the decision of the Mixed Commission sitting in Geneva for the settlement of American claims against Great Britain, practically not to meet until October, was made in the interest of General Grant, we cannot undertake to say. But we do know that if its decisions and awards were made public before the election in November, they would go far to the defeat of General Grant, should he then be a candidate for re-election. The "Treaty of Washington," that "crowning glory" of the Administration, is a "fraud"—in fact, what in England would be called a "sell," on the American people. Thus the London *Spectator*, as nearly a friend of the United States as we have in England, while admitting that probably Great Britain may have to pay for the *Alabama*, "doubts very much indeed if there will be the ghost of a case for the losses caused by any other vessel."

MR. JUDD has introduced in the Assembly of this State a bill for reforming the "boon," Trial by Jury. It provides that "the previous formation or expression of an opinion" shall not disqualify a juror who is able to declare on oath that he will render an impartial verdict according to the evidence, and limits the number of peremptory challenges to thirty on each side. It is not to take effect, however, until six months after its passage, so that it may not affect the case of Stokes. We do not see why Stokes should be exempted from the operation of this law any more than other prisoners, especially as the reform is demanded in the interest of the accused quite as much

as in the interest of the people. Besides, there is likely to be more need of it in the Stokes case than in any other of recent times.

FRENCHMEN are often as flighty and foolish as ferocious. Instance: A few months ago the Claremont Academy (French) solemnly expelled their corresponding member in Frankfort, because, as they alleged, "he belonged to a nation of spies and plunderers." This terrible blow was leveled at Dr. J. J. C. Buch, who had been dead about twenty years.

THE VACANT DESK.

On the second floor of the Grand Opera House building are the Officers' Rooms of the Erie Railroad Company, ranged on three sides of the vestibule, where the body of the late Vice-President—and Colonel—Fisk lay in state. Opposite the entrance to this hall is the room formerly occupied by the murdered man. "Show us where the Colonel worked," came from the trembling lips of many friends, on the day of the funeral; and as they passed the cold form, which, clad in the full uniform of his regiment, seemed capable of rising at any moment to busy action, so quiet and life-like was the repose, the mourners were escorted into the apartment. The furniture was just as the deceased left it, save the folds of black and white cloth the officers had spread about the desk and chair. Everything about the former was in its proper place; no carelessness was noticeable. As the robust Colonel used to sit in his easy revolving chair and look over his desk, there peeped from the accumulation of official papers a cast of himself with large head, small body and immense mustache, fully accoutred, and about taking a long stride. This burlesque presentation gave him much amusement, and he was wont to turn from his writing and guests, and laugh heartily at the martial appearance of the Colonel of the Ninth's double.

Who can tell how much misery has been relieved from that vacant desk and chair?

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Prussian Soldiers at Bayonet Exercise.

The result of the late war between France and Prussia demonstrated the superiority of the German army in all the important elements which go to make the soldier. That superiority was not due to greater natural soldierly qualities, but rather to the thorough preparation and training which each department has had in order to fit them for their respective duties. A feature of such training is illustrated in our engraving, which represents a detachment of German soldiers engaged in the bayonet exercise on the Serpentine rampart at Metz, evidently determined not to lose the advantages they have gained by getting out of practice.

Views at Sandringham.

Sandringham Hall, the residence of the Prince of Wales, is a handsome and dignified building, constructed of red brick and stone, in the style of James I. It is situated in the northwest corner of the county of Norfolk. It was purchased by the Prince in 1862; but the present building, which has been erected by the Prince at his own expense, was not completed until 1870. The engraving gives a view of the mansion from the southwest. In the immediate vicinity is Sandringham Church, and opposite stands the rectory house; and a little below that is the schoolhouse, which was erected and is supported by the Prince. It is a neat little building in the modern Gothic style, constructed of iron-stone, with dressings of white brick. It consists of a large schoolroom with an open timber roof, apartments for the mistress, etc. Two or three cottages, built in the same neat style, compose the village of Sandringham. The engraving represents the interior of the school, with the scholars engaged in recitation.

Reception of the French Minister in the Capital of Morocco.

M. Tissot, the recently-accredited Minister from France to Morocco, arrived at Fez, the capital of the country, and the residence of the Emperor, after a tedious and monotonous journey of thirteen days.

He camped outside the town, in company with members of his suite, preparatory to going through the lengthy ceremonies prescribed for the occasion by Oriental etiquette. A special guard was sent, by order of the Cadi, to watch over his person and form a guard of honor. The next day, by request of the Emperor, the Minister's reception and grand entry took place with imposing solemnity, all the inhabitants turning out to witness it, dressed in holiday rig. In the morning, the Ministers of the Sultan, the principal dignitaries of the Court and the notabilities of the capital, proceeded in a body to meet the French Minister and the Legation, and they were escorted into the town, a distance of about a quarter of a mile, through a line of 5,000 cavalry drawn up on the left, and four battalions of infantry on the right. Then, to the left of the cavalry were placed the City Guards, dressed entirely in white. On account of the heavy rains which prevailed all during the week, the audience of the Minister before the Emperor did not take place on the next day, but was postponed to the first fair day, as the ceremony takes place in the open air, in one of the public squares.

Holday Times at the Tower of London.

In the primitive country places of England the faith exists that the Tower is a place which should be visited at least once in his or her lifetime, by every subject of Her Majesty; and the time to see those rustic visitors in perfection is during the festivals of Easter, Whitsuntide, or Christmas. On these occasions may be seen some of those wonderful bonnets of an antediluvian type, and some of those tall, fluffy hats, which were in vogue when Sailor William ruled the realm. It is amusing to observe the awe with which the bland but dignified beef-eater is regarded, and when some rustic Nokes lays his head in the cavity of the block where Anne Boleyn's fair and slender neck once rested, although he jests, it is with a secret misgiving that the beef-eater is possessed of enormous latent powers, and may be authorized, in case of any serious misbehavior, to commit him to the noisome dungeons, or introduce him to the hideous embraces of the "Scavenger's Daughter."

The Orléans Princes Taking their Seats in the National Assembly.

The history of the House of Orléans has illustrated the uncertainty and vicissitudes of royal or imperial fortunes in modern France. Proscribed and exiled, their large estates confiscated, a new light has dawned upon them since the great changes which have resulted from the German conquest. A considerable party, representing the middle classes, has always adhered to the hope of their ultimate restoration to the throne of the Bourgeois King, while the elements of opposition have been very strong, though divided into three sections—the Napoleonists, the Legitimists and the Radicals. The admission of the Duke d'Aumale and the Prince de Joinville to their seats in the National Assembly was an event of great and suggestive interest to the adherents of the family, and was made the subject of rejoicing and congratulation, which is represented in our illustration.

The Communist Press in London.

Thanks to the unfortunate celebrity which they acquired in Paris, the Communists made some stir in London, and public curiosity was excited by their movements. At first a number of them frequented a well-known public-house in Rupert Street, but within a short time they abandoned that place of resort. They also established a printing-office, and published a journal under the title of *Quel Vérité*, which has ceased to exist, but which is expected to appear again under a new title. Our illustration gives a representation of the interior of this establishment during its brief career of two months. The editorial, composition, and business departments are all comprised in one room of moderate dimensions, in which we observe the figures of some of the well-known leaders of the Commune, engaged in their appropriate avocations. The chief editor is declaiming, from one of his spirited manuscripts, to a small group of sympathizers, his principal assistant is carefully reading the proof of another article, while the business manager is arranging financial matters with a couple of youthful but enterprising merchants.

Wreck of the "Rangoon."

The Peninsular and Oriental Company's mail steamer *Rangoon*, conveying the passengers and mails from Australia, was lost in a most disgraceful manner, recently, being stupidly run upon the rocks while going out of Galle harbor, Ceylon, at half-past six o'clock in the evening, in the calmest weather, and sinking a few hours afterward. The vessel was a screw steamer, of about 1,776 tons, 450-horse power, built in 1863. There was a very powerful current, running at the rate of five miles an hour; and the steamer came under its influence to so great an extent, though imperceptibly, that before her dangerous position was observed she had drifted close to a beacon placed on the outer Kadur rock. The alarm was taken up by both captain and pilot when this was observed, but it was too late; the *Rangoon* was already alongside of the rock, and with two or three tremendous shocks she struck, knocking more than one hole in her plates aft, which holes at once began to leak. This left no time for anything but immediate action. The engines were forthwith started, and preparations were made to land the passengers—ladies and children first—while blue-lights, rockets and signal guns were used to apprise the steamers in the harbor and the authorities ashore of the disaster. She was turned in the direction of a couple of large sailing vessels, the *Berenice* and the *Sydenham*, lying from two to three miles off the harbor, and the passengers were got into the boats, amid some confusion, and were carried to these ships, with no more luggage than each could hold in his hands. About midnight she began to settle down. Half an hour later there was a steady, though unexpected, plunge of the stern, and the *Rangoon* disappeared, all but her masts, which might still be seen, sticking up out of the water.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MISS ANNA MEHLIG has delighted Boston with her piano-forte recitations.

The Dolby Troupe gave their last entertainment at Music Hall, Boston, January 20th.

The European Hippotheatron Company succeeded the Florences at the Grand Opera House.

PAREPA-ROSA's English Opera Troupe commenced a two-week's engagement in Boston, January 18th, and were enthusiastically received.

"BARBE BLEUE" and "La Perichole" were produced at Lima Edwin's Theatre, New York, by Mlle. Aimée's troupe, on Saturday, January 20th.

MRS. MOULTON was welcomed from her successful tour of the South, at the Brooklyn Academy, on the 18th.

The clever burlesque, "Little Red Riding Hood," was brought out at Wood's Museum, January 18th, on the occasion of the *entrée* of Pauline Markham.

JANAUSCHEK is traveling Westward from New Haven, Conn., having stopped at Newark, N. J., last week, on her way. She has acquired remarkable proficiency in the English language, and appears to greater advantage than ever.

THE San Francisco Minstrels, jolly souls, are this winter adding greatly to their reputation. The foremost combination of minstrelsy in the city, the performances are always lively, fresh, and seasonable.

THE benefit entertainment given by the theatrical fraternity to Miss Matilda Heron, at Niblo's Theatre, on the 17th, was a deserved compliment to a popular and unfortunate actress. The house was crowded to its utmost, and the varied performances were extended over five hours.

THE interest in "Julius Cæsar" at Booth's does not flag. The performances are witnessed by crowded houses, and the actors receive frequent applause. The scenery is fresh and interesting, and impart to the dialogue an agreeable impression of early Roman history.

IT would seem that the frolics of "Humpty Dumpty" are never to grow dreary. The public has received more benefit, by reason of wholesome laughter, in the Olympic, than from all the offices of physicians, and we believe that rollicking, restless "Humpty" himself has never seen a sick day.

EDWIN BOOTH has purchased the MS. of Watts Phillips's new play, "On the Jury," lately brought out at the Princess's Theatre, in London, where, apparently, it has attained an immediate, uncommon and very prosperous vogue. Pathos, humor and picturesque incident seem to abound in this work, and there is reason to anticipate that it will prove a dramatic luxury.

THE attractions of the "Black Crook" are

so extensive that new wonders seem to appear every time one witnesses the gorgeous spectacle.

The entire display is certainly the most remarkable yet seen in this country. It enlists the attention of the eye and approbation of good sense from the opening to the close, and it is not strange that crowds fail to

gain an entrance to every performance.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PRECEDING PAGE.



GERMANY.—PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS AT THE BAYONET EXERCISE.



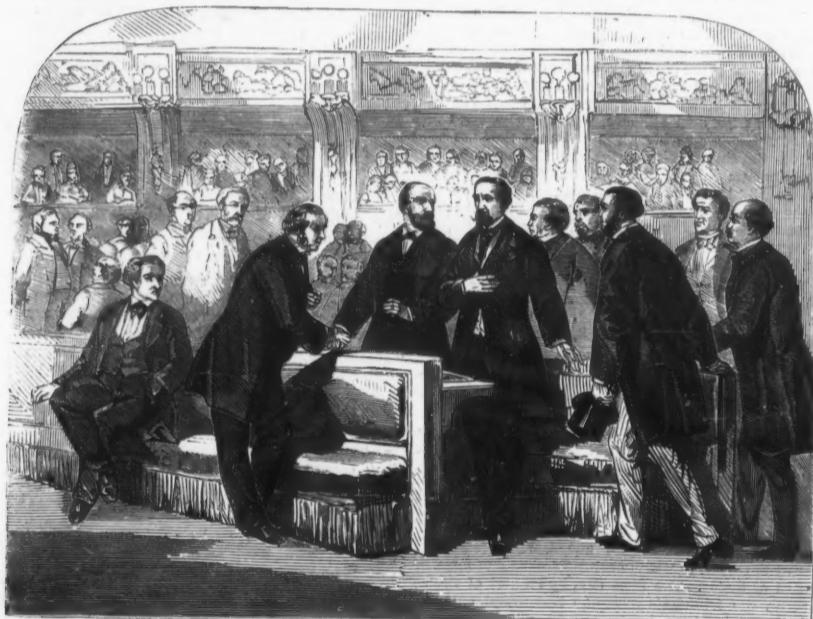
ENGLAND.—VIEW OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' RESIDENCE AT SANDRINGHAM.



AFRICA.—RECEPTION OF THE FRENCH MINISTER BY THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.



ENGLAND.—HOLIDAY TIMES IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.



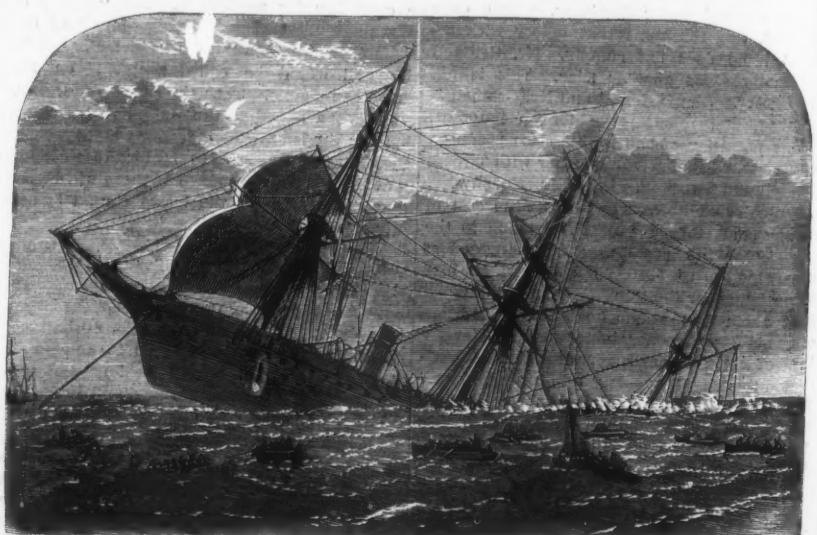
FRANCE.—THE DUKE D'AUMALE AND PRINCE DE JOINVILLE TAKING THEIR SEATS IN THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.



ENGLAND.—INTERIOR OF THE COMMUNIST PRINTING OFFICE IN LONDON.



ENGLAND.—THE PRINCE OF WALES' SCHOOL AT SANDRINGHAM.



INDIA.—THE "RANGOON" SINKING, AFTER THE REMOVAL OF THE PASSENGERS AND CREW.

ALEXIS AMONG THE BUFFALOES.

THE Grand Duke has killed the "first horned monster," and reached the apex of American excitement. His visit to our broad prairies and two-days' chase after the buffaloes were accompanied by incidents that must furnish abundant material for future refection. He has seen the novelty of military life on the frontier, shaken hands with partially-tamed Indian warriors and smoked the pipe of friendship in ancient style. Buffalo Bill, too, as great a hero as breathes, noble son of the wild West, has chatted familiarly with the guest, while Generals Sheridan and Custar, the cavalry veterans of the rebellion, have borne him company. The red men have appeared in a grand pow-wow and war-dance, and indulged in arrow-practice for his particular benefit.

The party started from Camp Alexis, Willow Creek, Neb., January 13th. For the hunt, the Duke's dress consisted of jacket and trowsers of heavy gray cloth, trimmed with green, the buttons bearing the Imperial Russian coat-of-arms; he wore his boots outside his trowsers; his cap was an Australian turban, with cloth top. He carried a Russian hunting-knife and an American revolver, recently presented to him, and bearing the coat-of-arms of the United States and of Russia on the handle. General Custar appeared in his well-known frontier buckskin hunting-costume; and if, instead of the comical sealskin hat he wore, he had only had feathers fastened in his flowing hair, he would have passed at a distance for a great Indian chief. Buffalo Bill, the famous scout, was dressed in a buckskin suit, trimmed with fur, and wore a black slouch hat, his long hair hanging in ringlets down his shoulders.

Game was sighted in a long cañon, with broken sides and high hills on either side, forming a magnificent arena. The Grand Duke and Custar started off, and as they went, Custar pulled out his revolver, and said, "Are you ready, Duke?" Alexis drew off his glove, grasped his pistol, and, with a wave of his hand, replied, "All ready now, General." Buffalo Bill had been selected to show the Grand Duke how the

buffaloes would stand at bay when suddenly attacked. A cow was singled out to show him how fleet of foot the females are, and the speed and skill essential to overtake and kill them. As soon as she espied them, she started off at full speed, the Duke and Custar after her. Finding herself hard pursued, she ran up a steep declivity on the right side of the cañon, and, gaining a footing on the slope, kept along the narrow ledge, while the Duke and Custar followed in a line along the bottom of the cañon. The chase was most exciting, and the Grand Duke, exhibiting an enthusiasm and daring which the most experienced Western hunter could not have surpassed, pursued his chosen game until she turned upon him. Describing a semi-circle with his horse, he dashed to the other side of her, and taking a deliberate aim, discharged the contents of his revolver into her fore shoulder as quickly as a flash of lightning. The buffalo fell dead upon the instant. Thus, as he telegraphed his father, he killed the first wild horned monster that had met his eye in America.

The sport was continued two days, and then came a series of Indian festivities, with which the Imperial visitor seemed pleased.

EDWARD S. STOKES.

THE public excitement in the Fisk-Stokes tragedy being of such universal prevalence, we feel warranted in presenting a second portrait of Mr. Stokes, which is from the last photograph taken. He was brought into the room of the Court of Oyer and Terminer to plead to the indictment on Thursday, January 18th, but his counsel not being prepared to enter their plea, the case was postponed until the 24th.

A WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

THE Countess of Loudoun, sister to the miserable Marquis of Hastings, furnishes a notable instance of what a good, clever, resolute woman may do to redeem the honor of her family. When her brother died, his affairs were in a desperate condition, but the wreck of the property passed to her. She had long foreseen what must



EDWARD S. STOKES.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KURTZ.



NEBRASKA.—THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS KILLING HIS FIRST BUFFALO, AT THE HUNT WITH THE INDIAN CHIEFS ON THE PLAINS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

happen, and by careful living had provided for the contingency. With her savings she managed to buy in a considerable portion of the estate, including Donnington Hall, the family seat, and before three years were over, had paid off every farthing of her reckless brother's debts. When Lord Hastings's affairs were *in extremis*, his cousin, Lord Bute, very kindly bought his Scottish property, Loudoun Castle, with the understanding that when the Hastings family could afford to repurchase it, they should have it at the price he had paid. This also Lady Loudoun has now managed to redeem. A recent *Gazette* announces that the Queen has terminated in this lady's favor the abeyance existing in relation to the four separate baronies of Potreaux, Hungerford, De Moleyns and Hastings. This will give her son, when he succeeds her, a seat in the House of Lords—if it still exists. These baronies are among the most ancient.

MURDER.

BY HENRY T. STANTON.

His wine of life, drawn past its lees,
Had stained the grasses red,
Where, under laden date-palm trees,
A man lay newly dead.

The motley of a Summer day—
The shadow set in light—
With sharp-defined existence lay
Imprinted on the sight.

A hush was in the fruity bloom,
Where late, attrition made
An atmosphere of spice-perfume
The distances pervade.

The Naiad of a lucent brook
That loitered in the place,
Went outward with a frightened look
Upon a whitened face.

An utter, utter stillness there;
A silence and a pain;
A terror in the marching air,
That halted by the slain.

The world was young and virgin then
To common blight and ill,
And Nature, in the outraged glen,
Stood, horrified and still.

And this was fruit from Eden-seeds
In serpent trailings lain!
The meek and mild-way'd Abel bleeds
Whilst, pulseful, wanders Cain.

The dove and robin only keep
A record of that day.
The world did pause a while and weep
Above the mortal clay;

But, soon the world went on, went by
The rotting gold-haired thing—
The very wind came gleeful nigh—
The brook learned soon to sing.

With song the dove was sweetly blest,
And down the long-ago,
The robin held upon its breast
The driftings of the snow;

But under Abel's date-palm trees
The dove forgot its tone,
And since, o'er other lands and seas,
It makes its plaintive moan;

And there, when, pulsing sadly, stood
The robin by the slain,
His plumage caught from Abel's blood
Its never-fading stain.

Thus Deity hath marked the crime
For cycles passing round—
The blood that flowed in Adam's time
Is crying from the ground—

For this is why the dove declares
Its tearful, sad unrest;
And this is why the robin wears
The red upon its breast.

THE SISTER'S SECRET.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER II.—(CONTINUED.)

I WAS too much engrossed with my thoughts to notice George's manner toward me. For my part I played mechanically, pushing the draughts about with abstracted irrelevance, without noticing George's anxiety for me to win. In recalling him now, through the shadows of the long years, I see him constantly raising his clear, amiable eyes to my face; sometimes smiling at my self-engrossment, sometimes growing thoughtful as myself, so that the game would stand still for some moments at a time. On the other side of the table sat my aunt, her hands moving with the regularity of the second-hand of a watch, now and then peering at her son over her spectacles, and occasionally glancing at the little bronze timepiece. The evenings were lengthening, and their monotony was felt, even by her. We had few friends, and these few rarely passed our threshold. Kate and I of course had our acquaintances; but we never dreamt of asking them to come to see us, any more than the servants in the kitchen would have thought of sitting down with us at meals. I remember, with a sad smile, the sullen glances I used to throw at the tardy clock, that would not strike the hour for prayer-time and bed.

I played two games with George, and then I wished to go to Kate.

"You do not mind me leaving, George, do you?" I whispered. "Kate is alone; she may be dull; I should like to sit with her a little." He gave me a reproachful nod, and I left the room.

As I expected, Kate was in her bedroom.

She was without a light. The door was partially open, which enabled me to enter without disturbing her. She was seated at the window. She had drawn the blinds aside, and her face, supported on one arm, was upturned toward the young moon, which shone out of a background of cold black blue. I coughed that I might attract her attention without alarming her.

"Is that you, Maggie?" she said, turning.

"Yes, dear. I have come to sit with you a little. May I?"

"Oh, yes!" She pulled a chair near to her, which I took, and encircled my neck with one arm.

"You have been crying, Kate," I said. "You are very foolish. What have you to fear from Aunt Emma's bitterness? She is fond of saying smart things, as I dare say she thinks them; but they would no more affect me, were I in your position, than the letting off of so many squibs. They crack, and end in smoke."

"Oh, Maggie! She makes me feel so despondent! I know I am silly in allowing myself to be cast down by what she says; but I feel so sensitive. The least thing she says against Major Rivers hurts me like a blow."

"Nonsense, Kate. You have lived through a long term of dependence and bitterness. The bird about to be liberated from its cage need not utter a less shrill note of joy because its tormentor makes one farewell grimace at it."

"I feel that you are right, Maggie. I know that I ought to be very proud and happy; and I am happy." She looked up to the moon, and I could see a smile upon her face, made luminous by the pale light of the serene sphere.

"Aunt Emma will of course give her sanction," I said. "You may rest assured of that. Only our dependence has made her our mistress, and she likes to exercise her tyranny to the last. There are some natures, Kate, to whom it is imperative as a condition of life that they should be mistresses over something. It doesn't always matter what; a pug sometimes does as well as a servant—a servant as well as a poor relation."

"She has never behaved like an aunt to us. She taunted me only the other day with my dependence—"

"Her taunts are useful to us both," I interrupted. "They not only save us from all feeling of obligation, but will make even a dark future bright to us by enabling us to compare it with our past."

"But she may prejudice Major Rivers against me."

"If he is to be so easily prejudiced, better now than after marriage."

"Maggie, ought I to speak of him as 'Major Rivers'?"

"How else?"

"But his Christian name is Charles. Oughtn't I to call him 'Charlie'?" But I am sure I shall never be able. "Charlie—, Charlie—," she muttered, like one rehearsing.

I was silent. A sudden sense of fullness had seized my heart. I made a vigorous effort to subdue it. I looked at the moon and yearned to be irradiated, like it, by peace—like it, too, alone—removed far away from this cold stage of the world, with its bitter dramas, its heartless actors.

"Maggie!" said Kate, suddenly, turning her moonlighted eyes upon me; "I have been thinking how lonely you will be when I am gone."

"I shall be lonely, darling; but I shall be comforted to feel that you are happy."

"But to think that you are alone would make me unhappy, Maggie. Why couldn't you come and live with me when I am married?"

"Not for the world, dear."

"But if I insist—if Major Rivers insists—"

"Kate, when you are married you will find all your relations *de trop*; be sure of that."

"All but you, Maggie."

"You may include me. Life draws a circle round every married couple. Whatever enters from the outside intrudes."

"What do you know of marriage, that you talk so learnedly upon it, Maggie?"

"Does not our life illustrate the truth of what I say?" I answered. "I have been taught to look upon myself as an intruder in this home. I should carry my experience with me into your home, Kate, and, like a superstition, it would make me uncomfortable."

"Well," she said, "I won't press you now, for I see you are in no humor to listen to any arguments. We have plenty of time left to alter your determination."

"If you love me, Kate," I exclaimed, almost imploringly, "do not make this suggestion of my living with you to Major Rivers. I can afford to be candid with you; but could not excuse myself from his invitation by saying that I fear we should quarrel."

"Oh, it's your pride, Maggie. I know you so well. But I don't understand your pride."

"Let us talk of you, Kate," I interrupted. "For myself, I shall squeeze through life well enough, I dare say. It will relieve my heart of much trouble to know that you are settled and happy. I can understand God's goodness in providing for you before me. You are helpless compared to me, and need the protector that my hasty nature can do without."

She became very thoughtful.

"Had our positions been reversed," I continued, "like a flower left alone, you would have soon withered in this nipping atmosphere. No. I am the stronger of the two, and the helpless has found a defense."

I felt that I was talking to comfort myself. My mind was greatly oppressed. My broken dream had left my heart desolate enough; and it hardly wanted the additional bitterness of the impending separation from my sister—the companion of my sorrow, my partner in the intolerable bitterness of dependence.

But I had framed my resolution. I had determined to make my sorrow, so far as I could make it, subservient to my sister's happiness. I knew that I could not better commence my task than by silencing my own lamentation in

the murmur of gladness which was breathed out of the glowing dawn of her new life.

We remained together, talking in whispers. Her nature was like a lyre which responsively vibrated to every impulse that touched it. Out of the fullness of my heart I found my language betrayed into a momentary sadness, I discovered her eyes at once tremulous with tears, and the light arm would tighten around my neck. But I studiously talked to keep her in smiles. I knew that a great source of joy had been inspired, and I took care to keep the faint clear from the entanglement of memory or conjecture, that its pure stream might flow continuously.

Reader, if you are a woman, you can guess our conversation. Frivolous as it was compared with my secret thoughts, I will not deny that I found an irresistible charm in our discussion of the bridal toilet, the ceremony and the breakfast. Is it not one sign at least of the depth and mystery of a woman's heart, that it can toy with the trifles of life until, like a child, it makes the superficial itself a perpetual gladness—that superficial which wearies, which disgusts the other sex? You, men, illustrate genius amongst you by this capacity. I push the illustration a step further, and make it serve me as an indication amongst women of spiritual depth, measureless. I claim the ocean as an image of a woman's heart, stirred into rippling laughter by the faintest zephyr that blows, but luminously profound within, and full of mighty irresistible currents, which are not to be guessed at from the surface.

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The time passed so quickly that I was surprised when the distant bell of Lorton Church tolled nine o'clock. This was the hour of supper. We crept down-stairs with hasty haste, afraid of Aunt Emma's interrogation, but more afraid of the frowns which would salute us were we not in our seats at the moment appointed for the meal.

In the present instance Aunt Emma proved herself capable of being amiable and remaining silent. She was about to seat herself before the cold remains of the dinner as we entered. She doubtless found an excuse for our prolonged absence in the new existence that had come upon Kate. George was absorbed in a yellow-covered novel, and had to be called several times by his mother ere he could be made to understand that supper was ready.

"Human beings should be above being called to their meals. It's only cats and hens that you have to cluck and cackle at when it's time to feed them," was Mrs. Gordon's impatient remark at last. To which complimentary juxtaposition of ideas George responded with a yawning laugh, and forthwith took his seat.

The meal was soon dispatched. It passed away in comparative stillness. Aunt Emma was irritably silent. Kate and I were each buried in our respective thoughts; and George, finding one or two remarks to fall unheeded, philosophically lapsed into silence himself.

The cloth being removed, the servants entered the room. There were two of them: a billious cook, whose eyes were expressive of the dripping not being her perquisites, and Selina, the housemaid, a brawny country girl, whose peculiarly cocked nose convicted her at once of a provincial accent.

So highly regulated was the machinery of Aunt Emma's household, that the two women were no sooner in the room, than, facing about, they dropped on their knees simultaneously, as if operated upon by some powerful phantasmal pressure. Kate and I imitated them; George, a privileged individual, leaned against the mantelpiece, and studied the anatomy of his eyebrows through the fingers of one hand. Aunt Emma slowly adjusted her spectacles, and stretching forth her hand, took a huge "Book of Common Prayer," brown as a plum pudding, from the sideboard. Her reading being slow, and her gratitude to heaven unbounded, it was usual for us to be kept about five-and-twenty minutes upon our knees. On this evening she kept us half an hour by the clock. The additional term of penance was probably imposed with a view to sending Kate into the world with a more exulting heart.

But let me be just to my aunt's memory. If her religion was starched, if she made it almost coquettish, by her tight-lacing of it that it might have symmetry, if it had nothing more, she was honest with it all. She was one of a numerous tribe of pious personages who preach heaven with their tongues and hell with their tempers. Extolling charity as a go-like virtue, she practiced it into an iniquity. Her life, like the page of a melodrama, was full of "asides." Every excellence was damned in brackets. The echo of every merit of hers was its own disclaimer. She convicted her virtues by her temper, as rapidly as they were created; and as in a play the "aside" that negatives a speech always stands after it, so the last impression my aunt always contrived to impart was a bad one.

CHAPTER III.

KATE had told me that Major Rivers would call at about three in the afternoon. I wished to avoid him, but did not care that Kate should know my desire. I should not easily have found an excuse to leave the house—for I seldom walked out without Kate—had not George fortunately asked me to accompany him as far as Lorton Wood, whither he was proceeding for an hour's rabbit-shooting. One o'clock having struck, I heard George calling to me from the front garden. As I passed Kate's bedroom she came out.

"Where are you going, Maggie?"

"Out with George."

"You'll be back soon, won't you?"

"I shan't be long," I answered.

"Mind and be back by three, dear. I must have you with me, or at least you must be in the house in case I might want you. Aunt Emma may say something rude to Major Rivers—there will be a scene; I shall cry, or faint, and we shall all want you to pacify us."

I laughed at her terrors, and hearing George persistently calling, left her, with a half-promise that I would be near her in the hour of danger.

George looked a most typical young Englishman, in his low-crowned hat, his velvet shooting-coat, and his yellow leggings. A game-bag was slung over his broad shoulders, and he carried a gun under his arm.

"Here you are at last!" he exclaimed. "Come along, or my sport will have gone to bed." We forthwith set out. We walked down the lane and got into the main road. It was a clear, bright Autumn day. From high boughs the crisp curled leaves fell, streaked with an angry red, as if touched by a finger of flame. A smell of rotting stubble came from the fields, and everywhere the lingering vegetation looked dusty in the pale yellow east sickled over it by the breath of the dying year.

"Maggie," said George, after a pretty long silence, "what do you think of this affair of Kate and Rivers?"

"I think well of it." I replied.

"But isn't he rather elderly for a young girl's husband?"

"It's a mere matter of opinion. Some might object to this disparity of years. For my part, I should not consider it an objection. If their ages were reversed, it would be different. But a man is not old at forty, nor a girl young at twenty."

"If you think twenty old or 'not young,' what in the name of infirmity will you think of sixty when you have reached it?"

"I shall not trouble myself to guess. I shall never reach sixty."

"Twaddle! I hate to hear a young girl threaten herself with a short life. You are as good for sixty as the best of us. What's more, you are just as willing to reach it, too."

I preserved the dignity of my sentiment by keeping silence.

"And yet," he continued, suddenly lowering his voice, "I don't think you have passed a very happy life, Maggie. You may be sincere in not wishing to live it twice over again. Mother's got a queer temper, and has made Ivy Lodge a rat-hole for you both—for me, too, sometimes."

"It will soon be a matter of the past for Kate."

"I've done my best to sweeten her," he went on, "But it's of no use. She is like a powerful acid, which absorbs and transforms into acidly whatever sweet stuffs you may throw into it. Wouldn't you be glad to marry and get out of it yourself? Confess."

"I should be glad, very glad, to leave Ivy Lodge, I'll not conceal the truth from you. I am not happy—never have been happy—with your mother. She is altogether too severe. She has many virtues, but they are all of a prickly sort. They stand out upon her like quills upon a porcupine."

"True, true. She's stufed with virtue like a bolster made rigid by over-cramming. There's no rest to be got out of it. How would you like to be an emigrant's wife?"

"How can I answer such questions? If you want the truth, you must let me presuppose love. But I am no hand at fiction; and even had I any inventive powers, I should not believe in the sequel they might suggest."

"Oh, Mag! what a girl you are for answering questions! To talk with you is like mounting a rocking-horse; there's plenty of movement but not an inch of progress. Can't you answer me simply? How would you like to marry a man who sells for 'foreign parts' in search of a fortune?"

"Not at all. There!"

He relapsed into silence; presently commenced to whistle with curious shrillness; then ceased with a melodramatic jerk, and exclaimed:

"Whatever you may say, nothing shall ever convince me that you would not make a first-rate emigrant's wife."

"I am not likely to attempt to convince you one way or the other. And please do not talk of me as first-rate."

"You are just the sort of girl for a colony—quick, severe, determined."

I looked at him with amazement. His odd compliments astonished me.

"I hope," I said, "that you have not been privately transferring me to some friend of yours meditating a life in the backwoods, and on the lookout for a wife?"

He broke again into his shrill whistle. This time he concluded it with a prolonged and peculiar curve, so to speak, of the notes. The finale was irresistibly suggestive—was perfectly Shandean.

"You are mentally turning up your nose at your thoughts."

"How do you know?" he asked, with laughing eyes.

"By your *retroussé* whistle."

"You have hit my mood. I acknowledge that I was mentally turning up my nose at my thoughts, or rather yours. You suggested them; and they belong to you. I am irritated."

"Let people find each other out who want to be married. Couples who are left alone will go to each other naturally, and live smoothly, perhaps happily, after. But your forced marriages—marriages worked by a third person—are always miserable affairs. They remind me of a seditious draught. Two opposite chemicals never designed for combination are brought together; whereupon ensues a plentiful hissing, which, subsiding, leaves behind it the most unpalatable deadness." I immediately added: "This is no recrimination. Only you told me to take your short sermon to heart, and I wanted to discharge the obligation."

George and I often indulged in such skirmishes. My *pronounce* language seemed to amuse him. Perhaps he enjoyed his conflicts with me because he so often triumphed. My aunt's example had had some influence with me. In recurring to the past I find that my somewhat sour sentiments had been largely indebted for their acidity to my epigrammatic relative. On the other hand, there was in George's character an element of idealism that kept him sweet. But though there was no lack of cleverness in him, the narrow horizon of Lorton had given him but little opportunity for development. Is there anything more cramping than the routine of thoroughbred provincialism? Eudocia habits resemble the bandages which the Chinese tie around their women's feet; the feet are perfect enough when first swathed; it is the growth that produces the deformity.

The stile over which it was necessary to climb to enter Lorton Wood was reached. I bade George good-by, and turned my face homeward. (To be continued.)

LIFE SKETCHES IN THE METROPOLIS.

VOICES FROM THE TOMBS.

DREARY enough in material and association is the block of Egyptian architecture resting on Centre Street, and flattered by a precise Law with the dignified name of City Prison. As if it were possible to entertain a doubt of its use, the name is given another coating of awe, and in polite circles is called the Halls of Justice.

To how many husbands of uncertain hours, children of inquisitive age, clerks in the confidence of bankers, messengers recommended for sobriety and haste, women familiar to the business haunts, and girls of vivacious spirits, this edifice is a Mecca, is best kept secret.

The old city of Arabia never enjoyed more successive pilgrimages than this venerable structure. Of the former we read, with applications:

"The city (Tombs) is usually filled at the time of the Haj (Sunday), when apartments (cells) in almost every house (tier) are hired (devoted) to strangers (and those who take them in), and thousands besides encamp outside the town (on the steps about the portico). This pilgrimage, customary in early (hours) and idiotic (all grades) ages, is enjoined by Mohammed (run) on all its followers. It is like (its) occupation."

At an early hour on a recent Sunday, the Police Court in the City Prison was opened to receive the usual pilgrims who had wandered in by-paths during the day and night previous, and been brought to this caravansary by the guides of the faithful.

There was noise and confusion of tongues; a second Babel was imminent, and the few spectators looked from the assembled tribes to the officers, as if positive there was no occasion for inquiring: "Watchmen, what of the night?"

Presently a door at the rear of the desk was opened, the officer in charge of the room shouted, "Hats off!" The Justice of the day entered and took his seat. Then there was a moment of silence, broken only by expiring hiccoughs.

A nod from His Honor, and the pilgrims fell into line to receive the rewards of their doings.

First there came a brace of men of medium age and uncertain gait, relatives of the impudent Dick Swiveler. They had been fast and "tight" friends. The compliments of the season had met, struggled, exhausted themselves in a mutual hiccough, and left the twain wondering who each other was.

"You see, sir, there's Jack, as were a-argyng with me on a quesh'n of grammar. Now I prides myself on knowin' so'th'n, I says, says I, it goes this wise: 'Haich—hay, hev—hev, urs—hevurs—haich, hay, kay—kak, hevurkak.' An' then, says he, that's Jack, 'tisn't hev ur sack, but it's hev ur lock,' which says I, 'tisn't.' And then we got at each other, 'cause, you see, I'se right, and we rolled down a cellar, and then we's toted off, as if a fightin', an' that's all."

The getting at each other undoubtedly was mutually pleasing. The coat of the grammarian, alive to the frolic, gave a strain on the stomach, and then as if to see how many times two would go into one, yawned from collar to skirt, while that of the other, bound by stouter ties, contented itself with assuming the picturesqueness of the leopard.

Their names being taken, they were marched aside, and the places that knew them on Saturday night shall know them no more for fifteen days.

Then a muscular Swedish sailor, at a beck, rolled to the desk, and touching the place where a tarpaulin should be, said:

"Beg to report, captain, I was a-tackin' along a course full of shoals, called on your chart Chatham Street, when I spied ahead a light, and lowerin' sail, hove in. A landlubber in a sheet was a-offerin' weather-breakers for a ha' month's pay, an' as I'd give mine to a sick shipmate, I took one. As I shipped it, the shoulders cast about and went to pieces before I could get the safety coil out. Then I goes up to the skipper in nightclo's, and I tells him, 'Beg to report, sir, this is unseaworthy.'

"Get out, old manispire!" says he; "close that air hatch of your'n, and avant!"

"Beg to report, sir, if I had you aboard, I'd

send you aloft; requisition me another." With that he set sails for me, and heaving aft, I pointed my for'arder, and blazed away.

"Beg to report, sir, I didn't mean to shiver his timbers so badly, but he bailed me too deep."

Discharged, with a kindly warning to beware such bearings in future, the sailor stepped aside.

The next pilgrim, a burly fellow whose cheeks were folded over his eyes, was called up for resisting an officer. He and his spouse were having a debate on social matters, when the officer interfered. Two are company and three an annoyance; in the spirit of which man and wife fell upon the officer, illustrating his face with bold outlines, and routing him with the loss of a chair and pitcher.

The man was composed of very hard material, and recognized as a regular traveler. Justice dropped a tear over her outraged knight, and sent the philosopher to Blackwell's Island, to operate on less pliable substance. Ruins have their history, and absorb interest; such as we saw, splintered from the noble forms of man and woman, absorb little but rum.

Next in this dismal procession came a female, whose voice was pitched beyond alphabetical calculation. She was charged with an assault on another female, induced by an alleged theft of a dress.

"Now, yer honor, I know she tak it, 'cause she came to my room arter I was gone, and there was no one in, and who could a-tuk it 'cept her? for she's allers a-prowling around like the schiipe that she is, a-lookin' for something as isn't her'n, and it were a calkly dress, cut in a train, and I know it were mine, for she hasn't one to her back; besides, yer honor, it war the only one as I had, and I tells you as how she come by it, and it were mine, for I had got it from Sally Jenkins, to wear to a shinday, as I had none with fitters in, and it's a shame, yer honor, as I tells her, and as I'm—"

"Shut up, will yer? I was a sayin', yer honor—"

"Judge, Judge, don't listen to her, Judge. It's me that's tellin' the gospel truth—"

"Hould yer wist, you serpent. I say, judge—"

But it remained unsaid. The women were both ordered away to the Workhouse, the united breath of the two being strong enough to hold a hat. A dash for each other's eyes was the last attempt to show just how it was.

"Officer, what's the charge against this boy?"

"Please, your honor, it's petty larceny. He stole a box of gloves, and the proof is here."

The judge casts a fatherly eye on the youthful offender, and calls for the evidence, when a simply-attired female, unable to longer restrain her grief, gives way to the pressure and sobs loudly:

"Oh, Judge, don't send him up this time. I know Tommy is honest, and if he took the gloves, some one put him up to it. If you are a father, you will appreciate my feelings. Ever since he got this work, I have prayed that he be kept from temptation. I will repay the loss as soon as I can earn enough, but please don't send him up; he's young, and if he gets with thieves and rowdies on the Island, he will go from bad to worse. Please, Judge, let me take him with me. Here's where I live. Tell the firm that I'll pay their loss. Spare my boy, and we will both pray for you. Oh, Judge, he's all I've got now; don't make him a murderer by sending him to those bad people on the Island."

The agent of the firm, influenced by the tearful appeal of the mother, agrees to withdraw the charge if the gloves are replaced—and the stricken woman presses the boy to her breast, thanks the judge and agent, and passes out.

"Next!" cries the judge, and a struggle ensues in the pen. It is over a middle-aged dwarf, who is determined to take his own time,

"Keep yer dirty hands off me, d'ye hear? I'll come along, but don't insult me, or I'll crack yer sconce with me stick. Got drunk and beat her? Of course I did, and she didn't get half her deserts. D'ye s'pose I am going to beg all day, and have to go out for the like in the mornin'? No, sir. What's a wife for, I'd like to—don't yer touch me, or I'll shay, at yer too, of yer have a club. Didn't I tell you when I'se here last that I didn't want anything of yer? If I gets drunk and falls down-stairs, it's my business, and if the stairs can stand it, so can I, and so must you's. Leave that hat alone, d'ye hear. I'll tell yer, judge—"

"Make out a commitment for thirty days, Mr. Clerk."

"Do it if yer dare! Judge, I'll bet yer that ef—"

"Take him below; he'll know the place well."

"Don't handle me roughly, or yer'll miss it. Judge, I'm a frail, errin' creature as has been imposed on. Ef yer'll count this, I'll promise—keep that air club down, will yer? Judge, one word, only one, judge. Yer will, will yer; then, begorra, yer'll carry me, for I'm hung of'll walk."

This hardened drunkard, who appears at the Tombs as regularly as the first of the month, was carried off by two men, for a ride in the Black Maria.

Thus the diorama progressed, exhibiting phases of male, female, and child life sadly familiar to our eyes.

Are not the Voices from the Tombs strong sermons in behalf of temperance, education, and good citizenship?

ONE of the Japanese princesses, destined for Vassar College, is exquisitely beautiful, and will make a sensation.

THRILLING SCENE—MATERNAL DEVOTION EXEMPLIFIED.

THE Fribourg (Switzerland) correspondent of the *London Standard*, after describing the recent conflagration in that city, relates the following act of bravery and self-devotion on the part of a woman: "Hitherto I had looked upon the scene, awful as it was, as being simply a case of destruction of property, as I had been told that the people who lived in the houses had succeeded in escaping. Suddenly, however, from one of the front windows on the third story I heard a crash of glass, and looking up, I saw a woman's face—such a face as I never care to see again. It was dreadful in its agony. Screaming to the crowd below, she seemed to feel that she was too high for them to hear her, and the flames, as she stood at the window, came licking up the wall, as though they felt she was already given up to them."

"What she said, or attempted to say, no one ever knew, but the crowd gazing up from below, saw her, and a hoarse roar came from them, which seemed to reach her and to give her some encouragement. Wildly waving her arms, she disappeared for a moment, and then reappeared at the window with a little child in her arms. In England a fire-escape would have been reared against the wall of the house, and a fireman would have brought down the woman and child—not, perhaps, without some difficulty, but still without any very great danger, provided he could have kept out of the way of the flames, which were darting out of the windows of the lower stories; but in Switzerland no such things as fire-escapes exist. There are willing hands and brave hearts, and that is all. What, then, can be done? Are the people to see the woman and child roasted to death under their very eyes? But they are far below, and the fiery flames are creeping up the walls and windows, and already the woman has to draw back her burden as the fire comes nearer and nearer. From below all access is cut off. The staircases are simply masses of red-hot stone, where no one can live for a moment. What can be done? Just then a tremendous cheer burst from the crowd below, the reason for which I could not understand, and I could only continue to look with horrible dread upon the sight, for I knew that unless help came within a few minutes it would come too late.

"But help did come at last—though, to me, from a somewhat unexpected quarter. The house where the woman and child were standing was the last of those which had taken fire, and the adjoining one had an iron balcony, from which a fireman, seeing the dreadful danger, and cheered up by the crowd, attempted to throw a rope to the woman. But it was very difficult for her to catch it. Four times he threw it, and each time he saw it fall past the window, though it was pitiful to see how eagerly she tried to get hold of it. But the fifth time she was successful, and tying the rope tightly round the child's body, she swung it out of the window, and it was slowly but safely drawn into the adjoining house. Directly she had done this, the woman disappeared from the window, but almost immediately returned with another child, and by the same means she succeeded in saving her second charge. But in saving the lives of these two children the brave woman had got terribly burned. The flames had been creeping up nearer and nearer to her, and as she stood at the window, tying the children, a tongue of fire would often leap up and encircle her, but she never flinched. Wrapping the child she held in her arms tightly in a woolen cloak, so as to prevent the flames touching it, she would stand quietly bearing the fire until it had once more gone down, and then she quickly proceeded with her work. But now it seemed too late to save the woman herself, for the fire had reached the store of wood at the top of the house, and the roof was in flames. Her hands and arms, too, were terribly scorched, and we feared she would never be able to hold the rope. But as the cord was thrown her, the people raised a tremendous cheer, as though to encourage her, and catching it at the first attempt, she managed to fasten it round her body, and throwing herself out of the window, she was gradually lowered into the street, and carefully taken to the hospital, where she at present lies in a dangerous condition."

"There have been a great many cases of devoted heroism in times past, but I know of none more noble than this of a simple servant-girl, who not only risked her own life, but stood such dreadful torture in order to save the lives of the children under her charge, and I gladly give her name. It is Anna Albitz, of Birkendorf. The Swiss people are a warm-hearted race, and the devoted conduct of the girl seems to be fully appreciated by them. The whole Press has spoken loudly in praise of the heroism she has shown, and already a subscription has been opened for her benefit, as it is feared her injuries are so severe that she will never again be able, even if she recovers from them, to gain her own living."

THE CHRISTIAN REVIVAL IN SYRIA.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* confirms the reports of the extraordinary Christianizing movement in Syria. It says:

"The Ulema of Damascus were thrown into a state of the utmost consternation, and at last a meeting was held in the town-house of the Algerine Emir, Abd-el-Kader, at which a resolution was passed pronouncing sentence of death against the converts. Fourteen of them were cast into prison by order of Rashid Pasha, where they remained for three months, when, at the solicitation of the Russian Consul, M. Maccauf, they were temporarily released. Twelve of them were subsequently rearrested and transported to the dungeons of Hanak Kelessi, the Dardanelles fortress, their wives and chil-

dren being left in a starving condition at Damascus. Finally they were landed on the coast of Barbary, and banished to the distant interior settlement of Murzuk. But these severities have by no means suppressed the movement they were designed to crush. It is asserted that there are now five thousand neophytes in Damascus alone.

We hear of Syrian villages *en masse* voluntarily offering themselves for conversion to Christianity, and among the converts are not only the poor, but many of the richest Moslems about Damascus. And we have reason to apprehend that this "revival" will lead to a collision between the Moslems and the Christians. It is true that, as a rule, there is absolutely no ill-feeling between Christians and Moslems in Syria except where it is engendered and fostered by the authorities upon the old principle, "Divide and rule." During the massacre-year of 1860, in many villages, the Moslem peasants fought against men of their own faith to defend their Christian brethren.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL

THE Duke of Persigny, Ex-Emperor Napoleon's stanchest friend, recently died at Nice.

GENERAL MOLTKE is an Imperial guest at St. Petersburg.

THE Rev. George H. Hepworth delivered a remarkable discourse in Steinway Hall on Sunday, January 14th, before a very large congregation.

THE ex-Empress of the French has sold her jewelry to a celebrated firm of jewelers in London for \$40,000.

A MOVEMENT is in progress to raise subscriptions for a monument to Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, at his birthplace.

ELLEN KIMBALL, a part of the widow of the late Mormon Elder, Heber C. Kimball, died at Salt Lake City recently.

COUNT VALMASEDA is to be kept in command of Cuba, after all, and is looking for more boys to shoot.

CALER CUSHING leaves for Geneva, to attend the International Board of Arbitration, called under the Washington Treaty, on the 27th inst.

MR. A. V. H. CARPENTER has been elected Grand Master of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Wisconsin.

MR. GEORGE H. BOKER, of Philadelphia, who has recently been appointed Minister to Turkey, has sailed for Europe.

TWINS were recently born out West, one in Indiana, the other in Michigan. They arrived on the cars.

MRS. GEORGE WOOD, formerly known in the theatrical world as Eliza Logan, and more recently as the wife of the proprietor of Wood's Museum, died in New York, January 15th, aged forty-two years.

HIS GRACE THE RIGHT REV. JOHN MCGILL, Roman Catholic Bishop of Richmond, Va., died in that city on Sunday morning, January 14th, in the sixty-third year of his age.

A FOUR-POUND cannon-ball was recently found in a lump of coal taken from a depth of 150 feet below the surface of the earth, at the Acadia Coal Mine, Meccan, N. S.

THE *Voice Gazette* announces the death of the well-known author, Dr. Wilhelm Haerling, better known under his nom de plume Willibald Alexis. He had attained his seventy-third year.

MR. CALEB CUSHING was seventy-two years old on the 17th of January. His friends in Washington offered him a formal dinner in honor of the event, which he declined.

JOHN L. CLEM, of Illinois, well-known as the drummer-boy of Shiloh, has been appointed a second-lieutenant in the United States Army. Until recently he was assistant doorkeeper of the United States Senate.

It is rumored that at San Francisco Minister de Long has accepted a mission from Japan to the great powers of America and Europe, similar to that which the late Anson Burlingame received from China, with a salary of \$30,000.

A RUMOR prevails in St. Petersburg that the Grand Duke Alexis has been married, since his arrival in America, to a Russian lady whom his father has opposed, and with whom it was thought the attachment was broken off.

At a recent meeting of the Berlin Chapter of the Knights of the Black Eagle, Prince Arthur of England, and Generals Herwart von Bittfeld and Baron von Manteuffel, were invested with the order by the Emperor William.

THE venerable Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, has been personally acquainted with ninety-nine bishops of the American Episcopal Church. It is doubted if any other bishop in the world has had a similar experience.

WILLIAM B. ALLISON has been elected United States Senator from Iowa. Mr. Allison is a native of the State of Ohio, and is now forty-three years old. He was educated in Alleghany College, Pa., and in the Ohio Western Reserve College. He is a lawyer by profession.

THE Empress of the Brazils recently received one of the prettiest bouquets seen in Paris since the war. It came from the market-women of the Halle, who carried it triumphantly through the streets, and received a present of \$400 for their benefit.

THE Princess Frederick Charles, wife of the second son of the Emperor of Germany, who has some reputation as an amateur artist, is painting a series of pictures representing all the battles in which her husband had commanded during the late war between France and Germany.

THE marriage of Mr. Robeson, the Secretary of the Navy, long known as the "jolly bachelor," has been announced for January 23d. The lady thus to be made one of the better-halves of the Administration is Mrs. Commodore Autlick. Birds of a feather flock together.

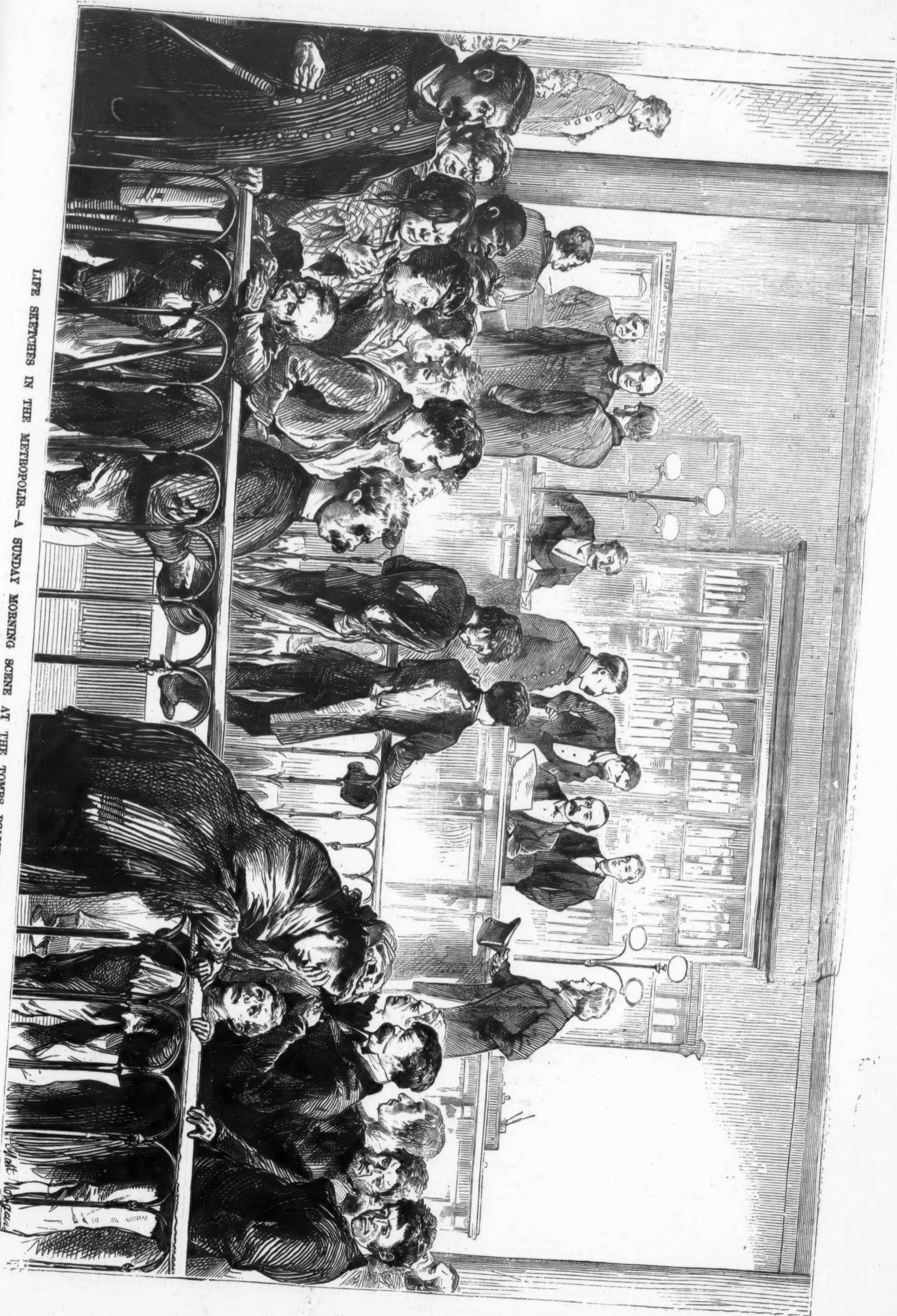
SIR EDWARD AND LADY THORNTON gave their first reception of the season January 18th, which was attended by foreign Ministers, Cabinet officers, Justices of the Supreme Court, the Vice-President of the United States, various members of Congress, together with other members of distinction and private citizens, and a large number of ladies.

"WHAT do you mean, colonel?" said Senator Cox to Fisk, "by the place where the woodbine twineth?" To which interrogatory Fisk responded: "You see, I was before that learned and dignified body, the Committee on Banking and Currency, and when Garfield asked me where the money got by Corbin went to, I could not make a vulgar reply and say up a spout, but observing, while peddling through New England, that every spout of house or cottage had woodbine twining about it, I said, naturally enough, where the woodbine twineth."



WHISKY ON THE PLAINS.—A PARTY OF INDIANS, DISCOVERING THAT A LOT OF CONTRABAND WHISKY IS BEING DESTROYED BY THE AUTHORITIES, ENDEAVOR TO SAVE WHAT THEY CAN.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 334.

LIFE SKETCHES IN THE METROPOLIS.—A SUNDAY MORNING SCENE AT THE TIMES POLICE COURT.—See Page 327.



THE TWO THREADS.

A BABE, who crept from the downy nest
Fond hands had loved to deck,
Glowing and sweet from its rosy rest,
To cling, caressing and caressed,
To its gentle mother's neck:
Another, who shrank in its squalid lair,
In the noisy crowded court,
Dreading to waken to curse and blow,
The woman, whose life of sin and woe,
Won from sleep a respite short.
From the darkness and the light,
Weave the black thread, weave the white.

A girl, in her graceful guarded home,
'Mid sunshine, and birds, and flowers,
Whose fair face brightened as she heard
Her gallant lover's wooing word,
In the fragrant gloaming hours.
Another, tossed out, a nameless wail,
On the awful sea of life,
'Mid poverty, ignorance, and wrong;
Young pulses beating full and strong
For the fierce unaided strife.
From the darkness and the light,
Weave the dark thread, weave the white.

A wife, beside her household hearth,
In her happy matron pride,
Raising her infant in her arms,
Showing its thousand baby charms
To the father at her side.
Another, who stood on the river's banks,
Hearing her weakling's cries:
Thinking, "a plunge would end for both
Cruelty, hunger, and broken troth,
Harsh earth, and iron skies."
From the darkness and the light,
Weave the black thread, weave the white.

Her children's children at her knee,
With friends and kindred round,
An aged woman with silver hair,
Passing from life, 'mid the love and prayer
That her gracious evening crowned.
Another, crouched by the stunted warmth
Of the workhouse homeless hearth;
Her bitter fare unkindly given;
Knowing as little of joys in heaven
As of gladness on the earth.
From the darkness and the light,
Weave the black thread, weave the white.

A soul that sprang from the rose-strewn turf,
With its carven cross adorned.
Another, that left its pauper's grave,
Where rank and coarse the grasses wave,
O'er rest, unnamed, unmourned.
And two, who sought their Redeemer's feet,
By His saving blood to plead—
May He in His mercy guide us all,
For sunbeams and shadows strange;
The riddle is hard to read.
From the darkness and the light,
Weave the black thread, weave the white.

THE WHITE SPECTRE

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF INGESTRE PLACE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XXX.—(CONTINUED.)

MRS. INGESTRE was not one to let grass grow under her feet when she had once made up her mind. That very night she sounded Pete, and gave him instructions. It so happened that Major Le Noir paid a visit to his captive the next day. He rode over on horseback. Pete followed, on another horse, keeping far enough in the rear to avoid being discovered. On reaching the gate that led into the grounds, Le Noir dismounted, produced a key from his pocket, and passed through, after unlocking the gate.

Pete hid his horse in the shrubbery, and crept up to the gate, after a little. He found that the major had carelessly left the key in the lock. He took possession of the key, and entered the grounds to reconnoitre. When he let himself out again, a half-hour later, he locked the gate from the outside, and rode away with the key in his pocket.

"It may be of use to missis," he chuckled, "though I don't see why she sent me on this wild-goose chase. It don't matter much, since I'm well paid for it. She told me to take particular notice of the roads. No danger of my missing this way. Humph! I reckon the major'll think he lost the key. So much the better. He, he!"

He rode home, and made his report to Mrs. Ingestre. Of course her last doubt was now removed. As Pete described the building, it seemed probable that it might once have been used for a private madhouse. To make assurance doubly sure, he brought back with him a small fragment of cloth, that he had found clinging to a bush in the grounds. This fragment exactly matched the dress Madeline had worn the day before she had been abducted.

Mrs. Ingestre was like a madwoman, but she still kept her own counsel. A venomous fury possessed her. The vilest of all vile thoughts filled her mind. There was murther in her heart. She wondered, in a vague sort of way, if all the wicked women of the world, Lucretia Borgia, Catherine de Medici, and the rest, had ever felt so utterly depraved and reckless as she herself felt.

Le Noir followed Pete, after the lapse of two or three hours. Mrs. Ingestre met him, as usual, but so keen an observer must have seen there was something forced and distrustful in her manner. But he said nothing. Perhaps he was too wary to inquire very closely into the cause of the change.

Early the following morning he again departed for the asylum. Mrs. Ingestre waited until afternoon, and then she followed him, guided by Pete. "Major Le Noir is never to know of this journey," she said to the servant boy. "You understand that?"

"Yes, missis," he returned.

"The major is likely to be on his way back

by this time. It will not answer to meet him. You know the direction of the old building you visited yesterday. Can't you take me there by a more roundabout way? If we are there at dusk, it will be quite early enough."

"I'll manage that, missis."

Pete looked at her curiously. There was something about this secret journey he did not understand. Mrs. Ingestre's face was stern and set; a sardonic smile, that boded ill to somebody, every now and then curled her lips. As they rode away from Ingestre Place, she seemed wrapped up in gloomy reflections.

Pete asked no questions. He was well paid for his services, and could well afford to obey his mistress, without inquiring too closely into her motives. While the long summer afternoon was wanting, they were leisurely proceeding in the direction of the asylum.

CHAPTER XXXI.—AT DEAD OF NIGHT.

THE sun went down in blood-red glory, flaunting its crimson pennons along the sky. The soft purple of twilight was deepening its shadows here and there in the lonely landscape, when Mrs. Ingestre and Pete came in sight of the gloomy-looking building which was their destination.

The night which was coming on so rapidly was the night when Madeline had made her second attempt to escape from the place of her imprisonment, and had succeeded. At the very moment when her stepmother halted, for a long look at the old asylum, the poor girl was half-fearfully weighing her chances of flight, by means of the trap-door she had discovered.

Mrs. Ingestre remained silent many minutes, staring straight before her. "That building is of wood," she said, at last, with a curative glance at Pete.

"Yes, and dry as a tinder-box."

"I'm glad of that," and a smile curled her lips. "Yes, I'm glad of that," she repeated.

She had the horses taken to a grove near at hand, and concealed there. Afterward, she sat down on a fallen log, apart from Pete, and remained perfectly motionless for hours, her face hidden in her hands. The last ragged stain of crimson faded from the sky, the stars came out one by one, and the shadow of night settled more and more darkly.

Still, she remained motionless. It must have been near midnight, when at last she arose from her crouching attitude. "I am going on a little way," she said to Pete, in a cold, hard voice. "You will remain here until I come back."

She moved off through the darkness, muttering as she went: "I must do it—I must do it! Her room will be locked, and nobody will think of her in the confusion. She can't escape! Ha, ha! Oh, how I hate her!"

Pete stared after her in unfeigned amazement. Some of these wild words had reached his ears. "What's up, I would like to know?" he said to himself. "Missis hasn't taken this long journey for nothing. She isn't hanging about this forsaken spot in the night-time without an object. She's going straight to that big black building, for she had the key to the gate in her hand—the one I gave her. I hope she isn't up to any mischief, for I know she can be the devil and all with her temper roused. I haven't liked her looks for some days, and I've liked them least of all since we started on this journey. Well, I'm not going to make a row, let her do what she will. I earn a twenty-dollar gold piece by lying out here in the dew, and so have no occasion to complain."

He lay on his back, looking up at the stars, and whistling softly to himself. "Major Le Noir is mixed up in this business somehow or other," he muttered, after a long silence. Then he coolly dismissed the whole subject from his thoughts.

More than two hours went by. At last footsteps were heard approaching in the darkness. Mrs. Ingestre made her slow way back to the spot where he was lying, and stood motionless beside him, her form dimly outlined against the sky. He sprang to his feet.

"Are you ready to go back, missis?"

"Wait," she answered, in a tone that startled him. "We will go presently."

She now wheeled around until she stood right between him and the point in the deep darkness where the asylum was located. Pete dropped carelessly upon the grass again, very much puzzled to comprehend the meaning of his mistress's strange actions, but not one whit disconcerted.

The minutes dragged on, and still Mrs. Ingestre stood silent and motionless. At last the thick darkness was broken by a sudden flash of light. She drew a long, deep breath. Pete rose up quickly, his twinkling gray eyes dilating with horror.

"What's that, missis?" he cried. "My God! that house is on fire!"

He pointed toward the asylum. The first burst of flame had been succeeded by others, with almost miraculous suddenness, until the broad patch of lurid light streamed through the shadows of night. Mrs. Ingestre turned and looked at it, wholly unmoved.

"Yes," said she, "that black old building is on fire. What matter?"

Pete caught his breath sharply. He suddenly remembered his mistress's long absence, and the fact that he had, as yet, discovered no sufficient cause for this mysterious journey they had taken to-night. He clutched hold of her sleeve, quite forgetful of the respect due her.

"Mercy on me!" he ejaculated, his teeth chattering. "You didn't do that, missis? You didn't do that?"

She faced him with a savage cry.

"Didn't do what, you fool?"

"Set that house on fire—that old building you came here to watch. For God's sake, tell me that you didn't do it."

"Fool," she hissed, "you are mad! How dare you accuse me of such a crime, even in your thoughts? How dare you? Of course I

didn't set fire to the old shell. Why should I? Answer me that, will you?"

Pete stood beside her, cowed and frightened. He could see her face now, for forked tongues of flame were shooting upward from the asylum until the whole landscape was illuminated. She was ashen pale, and trembled from head to foot. A great terror seemed to be shaking her in every limb.

"I'm going on," said Pete, doggedly. "Somebody in that building may need my help. I'm going, that I may be by if my help is wanted. How do we know but what lives will be lost?"

Mrs. Ingestre flung her arms about his neck. "You shan't go!" she shrieked, hysterically. "I dare not be left alone—I will not be left alone! You shall remain here with me."

She clung to him with all the desperation of a madwoman. He soon ceased to struggle. She might really go mad if left to herself in the silence and darkness.

The flames spread with astonishing rapidity. The wooden building must have been dry as tinder. Mrs. Ingestre watched the progress of the conflagration with breathless intensity. Finally she turned to Pete with a whispered question.

"You are sure, sure that Major Le Noir has gone back to Ingestre Place?"

She seemed to forget how unlikely the boy was to know anything about it. "No," he answered. "How can I be? Perhaps he concluded to remain over night."

She caught her breath chokingly. Strange to say, this thought had never once occurred to her. She had felt assured that the major would go and return in the same day, as he usually did. Now she seized hold of Pete's hand and moved forward.

"Come with me," she whispered, in a strange voice. "I must get nearer. I must find out for myself whether—"

She did not finish the sentence, but hurried on at a fierce, impetuous pace, half-leading, half-dragging the boy after her. The gate stood on the swing when they reached it, and Pete saw lying in the sand and gravel of the road the identical key he had confiscated for his mistress's use. Here was convincing proof that she had visited the grounds during the hours when she had left him by himself in the grove.

The grounds were light as day from the glare of the burning building. They pushed steadily onward, taking care to keep close to the shrubbery. "We must not be seen unless there is occasion to show ourselves," said Mrs. Ingestre, very faintly.

After setting the building on fire, in which she hoped to consume her hated stepdaughter—for she was indeed the incendiary—she had intended to leave the vicinity before her presence there could be discovered. But the terrible fear that Gustave Le Noir might have been in the asylum when it was fired had driven nearly every other thought from her mind.

As she hurriedly approached, followed by Pete, she saw two persons rush into the open air—a man and a woman. The man was a stranger to her, though not to the reader, for it was Dick Daredevil. A second startled glance at the scantily-clad woman convinced her that it must be old Betty.

She forgot her surprise at this discovery, in the sight she beheld the next instant. The whole building seemed to be one mass of flames—a horrible Babel made up of the roaring and crackling of the fire and the falling of wood-work. In the midst of this sea of smoke and flame, like the Demon of Fire himself, a man suddenly appeared at one of the upper windows—a poor pitiable human creature standing there between heaven and earth with the devouring element all round him!

Mrs. Ingestre saw him, and threw up her arms in a wild, wild shriek. "Oh, my God! It is Gustave!"

The cry was echoed by old Betty. Mrs. Ingestre rushed forward, regardless of all consequences to herself. A terrible feeling of fulfilled rage, fury and despair possessed her. "Merciful heavens!" she moaned like one beside herself, "can nothing be done to save him? Must he be burned alive?"

She reached the spot where Betty was standing, and dropped cowering on the ground, wringing her hands and crying out, but never for one instant withdrawing her fascinated gaze from the doomed man who stood in the midst of the burning and seething hell above her.

Betty turned for one long, searching look into the guilty face of her former mistress. "You here!" she cried; then, bringing her hand down heavily on Mrs. Ingestre's shoulder as the truth burst like a flash on her mind. "Oh, curse you, curse you, curse you! It's you who have done this devil's work!"

That was all. Side by side the two women crouched, watching Le Noir's movements with breathless interest. His terrible position was apparent at a glance. The whole interior of the house was one sea of flames, cutting off all retreat in that direction. Above him the fire blazed and crackled, eating lower and lower into the dry wood, coming nearer and nearer with every moment that elapsed. Below, little flickering tongues shot out of the wall and crept toward him with the slow, undulating grace of deadly serpents.

Major Le Noir raised the sash and looked out of the window, pale, haggard, frightened. A single glance told him that escape by leaping to the ground from where he stood was impossible. The distance was considerable, the flames were bursting out more and more freely, and quantities of burning wood lay directly beneath the window where he must alight if he hazarded the leap.

He looked at the helpless group below, recognizing even in that supreme moment Mrs. Ingestre, and noting the awful despair depicted on her face. He saw Betty's crouching form, and Dick Daredevil standing with Pete at a little distance, white and desperate. He rea-

lized that there was nothing to hope from them, and a bitter groan fell from his lips.

He looked around him. There seemed to be one chance for life, and only one. To the left, the wall had not been penetrated by the flames, as yet. Twenty or thirty feet away was the flat roof of a porch, from which the ground could be reached. This roof was on a line with the tops of the lower windows. Over the tops of these windows ran a narrow wooden band, barely broad enough for the foot to find a resting-place. By means of this band he might be enabled to reach the porch-roof ere the furious flames had overtaken him, and so cut off this last forlorn hope.

He determined to make the attempt. He crept from the window just as the floor of the room where he had stood fell in with a loud crash. His feet touched the band, and he moved carefully onward, clinging to the wall with his hands and keeping himself as steady as might be. On, on, he crept, inch by inch, his pulses bounding, his heart throbbing wildly, his breath almost strangling him. On, on, with that terrible roaring close behind him, and volumes of suffocating smoke blowing into his face—a horrible death staring at him in a way that would have made the strongest tremble.

At last he neared the roof—gained it with one desperate bound—and halted for a brief breathing space. At that instant a waft of air intensely hot blew across his face, slinging his lashes and nearly blinding him. He leaped clear of it with a frantic effort, reached the verge of the roof, saw the green earth smiling up at him from below, and rallying all his energies for a last struggle for the life which was still so dear to him, took the final leap which was to tell whether that life should be saved or lost.

(To be continued.)

LOVE BEFORE BREAKFAST.

NO MATTER-OF-FACT wooing for me. No love disclosure in an ordinary drawing-room, lit up with ordinary gas. A conservatory filled with the choicest exotics, moonlight streaming through the leaves, tenderly illuminating the face of my Apollo; or by the beach at Long Branch or Newport, pale Luna, like an indulgent parent or friend, occasionally hiding her face behind big banks of sombre clouds, accommodating the lovers they considered it their duty to keep an eye on by falling off to sleep in season for the tender passages. At eighteen I had painted with the brush of an active imagination several scenes where I should be perfectly willing to have those magic words, "I love you," whispered in my ear, each one as delightfully romantic as that home by the Lake of Lemo, which Claude Melnotte described to his lady-love. Up to this age I had spent almost every summer with a very dear aunt in the country, whose house and grounds were a perfect paradise, furnishing innumerable nooks and corners for the proper expression of the tender passion. The only item lacking was the lover. Times without number have I been over the old, old story in these romantic hiding-places—beneath the loving shadow of old forest trees, by the side of rippling waters, in the conservatory which opened out of the coziest library ever planned and made beautiful by mortal man. Sometimes my aunt would surprise me tucked away with book or sewing, neither of which occupied my attention, with, "Why, Belle Clarke, what in the world are you thinking of? You look as if you had just walked in from another world."

So I had, in imagination; but then I never explained to her, because, good and kind though she was, she never could understand this rhapsody of "moonlight music, love and flowers." When she told me one morning, soon after my arrival, that Philip Hamilton, an old friend of her husband's, was coming to spend the summer, and have a good country rest, for the purpose of re-establishing his health, which hard study and exhaustive travel had shattered, I commenced to build a little romance around the gentleman, which at first sight was immediately dispelled. Now, do not for a moment suppose that on account of this singularly romantic temperament of mine, I was in the habit of gushing. No, indeed; I hadn't a single relative or friend out believed me as practical and calculating about everyday things as the Martha of old. This mistake was the occasion of many hearty laughs when there was no one by to listen or be shocked with my merriment.

Well, Philip Hamilton arrived, late one evening, and I was formally introduced.

"And aunt thinks him fascinating!" I thought, as I replied to his courteous salutation—which, by-the-way, seemed to me, notwithstanding its studiously polite wording, to say, "Humph! I come out here to get away from society, and the first object which greets my eyes is a young lady, whom the hostess evidently expects I am going to make myself agreeable to." That's what I saw back of the courtesy. If he had been at all intuitive, he would have read on the background of my polite, "Good-evening, Mr. Hamilton," "You needn't be in the least alarmed in regard to any effort you may be obliged to make on my account." He was tall and muscular, but thin and pale as a ghost. His eyes were large and almost black, and seemed to have grown tired of looking out on to the world, and in sheer self-defense had receded under a pair of heavy dark eyebrows. His mouth was hardly visible, on account of the thick black beard above, below and all round it—but description is out of the question. He was large and angular, though not absolutely ungraceful, and reminded me of a great shaggy lion not at all pleased with the provision made by his keeper for his comfort. I heard him say to my aunt, as I walked through the drawing-room, "I wasn't aware, Mrs. Darcy, that you had a niece until this moment. Where have you kept her all these years?" I heard my aunt reply, in a bantering tone, that it was he who was a stranger to her hospitality, not her

niece; and I walked on, "All these years," ringing in my brain in a manner not at all soothed. To tell the truth, my pride was piqued. "All these years!" How old did he think me? Some venerable spinster, perhaps, dependent upon the bounty of a relative. So I subsided into one of my coziest nooks, and set diligently to work to destroy the delicate network of romance which all unwittingly I had wouned about the name of Philip Hamilton. What simpletons girls are! What a fight I did wage against my imagination that night! and how I conquered, the sequel will tell.

"Why, Belle, you have suddenly congealed into an icicle! What under the sun is the matter with you?" inquired my aunt, a week after Mr. Hamilton arrived, as the last-named left the breakfast-table, and shouldered his gun for a day's cruise.

"Great big bundle of bombast!" said I, in a huff, as I watched the retreating figure.

"Hamilton and bombast?" laughed auntie. "Well, that is a joke! There isn't a man alive to-day so utterly devoid of every quality approaching conceit, as he! Why, child, what in the world has got into you? I must give Phil a gentle hint, I guess, that he isn't taking quite notice enough of my little girl," continued auntie, evidently determined to make me understand that she saw through my annoyance. I knew that she would do no such thing, for no more modest and sensible woman ever lived than this same dear aunt of mine, and she would no more put me in a ridiculous light than she would have placed one of her hands in the fire; so I laughingly defied her, and ended the conversation by remarking, "Anyway, I can't bear him!" which only elicited the following:

"Simply because you don't understand him. He is one of the best men that ever lived. I have known him from his childhood!"

The days passed quickly by, and in some unaccountable manner the household seemed to understand all the whims of the erratic Mr. Hamilton, and humor them accordingly. Did he remain away two days at a time, no one ever asked a question or expressed a particle of surprise, beyond that of hoping that the time had been pleasantly spent. I never intruded upon his life in any way, studiously avoiding all conversations, and, to use my aunt's vernacular, made myself scarce generally. I knew he thought I was a little simpleton, but that fact didn't trouble me in the least. I knew that I wasn't so big a fool as I acted, and his opinion was of no more consequence than that of the man in the moon. One morning, after I had seen him, as usual, light his cigar, shoulder his rifle and march slowly in the direction of the shooting-ground, I prepared to spend an hour in one of my favorite haunts in the woods, a place I had peopled with imaginary inhabitants, some of them still in the land of the living, but more of them who had passed to the realms of the dead. Here no lover ever came! It was sacred to the memory of genius. As I threw down my water-proof at the foot of a gnarled oak, my favorite seat, a slight "ahem" drew my attention, and there, on the other side, almost hidden by foliage, reclined Mr. Phillip Hamilton. I gathered up my traps, and said, in a tone which must have expressed real disappointment: "I thought you had gone shooting, Mr. Hamilton?"

"It seems we are both mistaken," he replied, with the utmost nonchalance. "It occurs to me now, as I left the house, I wondered what ladies did to occupy themselves with these long Midsummer days, and I decided that it took you by far the larger portion of your time to attend to the elaboration of your toilet; and yet I find that you can spare a part of the day to the ministrations of nature. A mutual mistake, you see, Miss Clarke."

If a look could have annihilated, that man would have measured his length under the sod; but I controlled my rapidly rising temper, and remarked, as coolly as possible:

"My mistake arose from the fact that I saw you go toward the shooting-ground, with your gun on your shoulder, and not in the direction of the woods. Your mistake is attributable simply to a mixture of ignorance and impudence, the latter evidently predominating."

"Why, what a saucy little minx it is!" said he, raising himself upon his elbow, and surveying me from top to toe, at the same time bursting into a hearty laugh. "And she has got a book, too," he added. "Do let's see what the child is reading!" and the strange man held out his hand for the volume, evidently expecting that I should obey his royal highness, by passing it over. Instead of that, I walked slowly away from him, but he was not to be put off thus ignominiously. "Say, Miss Belle," said he, coming on after me, "it is the sheerest nonsense for you and me to quarrel. I do not want to draw you away from a spot you have walked so far to reach. I was very rude, and I beg your pardon, most humbly."

"It is granted," I replied, thawing, in spite of my dislike, and immediately retraced my steps to the foot of the tree, and seated myself in silence.

In a second or two he stood before me, with: "What do you think I am going to amuse myself with, during the remainder of this tiresome day?"

"I haven't the remotest notion," I answered, without looking up, "unless you go gunning. Sporting men generally care so little for books, that it would be difficult to suggest."

"Gunning—sporting men—books!" he repeated after me, in a tone full of disgust. "Upon my word, Miss Clarke, if I remain here a moment longer in your society, I shall certainly be ruder than I have been yet."

"Don't stay, then."

"But I will remain, until I choose to go. What are you reading?"

I passed the volume into his outstretched hand.

"Herbert Spencer. Whew! Why don't you read novels, like the rest of the women?"

"I wasn't aware, Mr. Hamilton, that the rest

of the women did. I do read novels, sometimes. I enjoy a good romance hugely."

Then followed a discussion of books, and their authors, and it was astonishing to note how thoroughly our tastes assimilated, how perfect was our agreement on these subjects, and we were not a little surprised when, upon looking at his watch, I found that three full hours had passed. Then we dined our luncheons, he giving me a part of his sandwich and a piece of his gingerbread, while I reciprocated by halving my cold chicken and corn-bread.

"There," said he, as we walked slowly home together. "This is the first day I have taken a particle of real comfort since I came to the farm, for which, Miss Belle, I am entirely indebted to you."

After this we were on very pleasant terms, and I noticed that he grew to seek my society, and seemed quite contented when with me. Just about this time, auntie was taken suddenly ill. Two of the servants left the same week, and the once precise and elegant household was, all of a sudden, thrown into the most vexatious disorder. I, of course, assumed my share of the work, assisting the cook in her manifold duties, by setting the table, preparing dessert, taking care of the silver and glass, and a host of things. I wasn't very expert at these, still I was glad to be of service, and got on very well when unobserved. One evening, as I stopped at the door of the cook's room, on my way to bed, to ask her to awake me when she arose, Mr. Hamilton stepped out of his room into the corridor, and said:

"Why do you wish to rise so early, Miss Belle?"

"Oh, because," I replied, "I am to help Bridget get breakfast."

"If I can be of any service, don't fail to call me also," he replied. "Such coffee as I can make, Miss Belle, I'll venture to say you never tasted."

"Nor anybody else," I laughingly responded. "The way by which you can help us most is to rise the moment you hear the tinkle of the first bell, and be on hand when breakfast is ready."

Do "coming events cast their shadows before?" If not, what was the reason that, long after I retired, a vision of Philip Hamilton seemed to haunt the dining-room? I saw myself, too, flushed and embarrassed, and wondered what it all meant. I found out next morning, to my sorrow. The day promised gloriously, and as I threw open the bay window, and let in the warm sunshine, just tempered sufficiently with the invigorating west wind to be agreeable, I forgot the unrest of the previous night, and went about the task of spreading the breakfast-table, humming a little tune, at peace with all the world, not excepting unreliable servant-girls.

I had just arranged Mr. Hamilton's plate, refolded his napkin and placed it in its ring, and thought, as I did so, "Suppose he should take it into his head to come down and help me get breakfast, what should I do with him?" when the door suddenly opened, and in walked the gentleman.

"Ah!" said I, shaking my finger warningly, "you haven't minded, Mr. Hamilton;" and turned away to the closet, determined to finish my task, and to do it, too, without the least appearance of annoyance, which, under the circumstances, was a very difficult thing to accomplish. I heard him step behind me, and as I turned from the pantry, sugar-bowl in hand, he confronted me with a face out of which every particle of color had fled.

"Why, Mr. Hamilton, what in the world is the matter?" I inquired, in terror. "You are not ill, too, I hope?"

"Not in the least, Miss Belle," he replied. "But I have something very particular to say to you."

"All right," I answered, trying to laugh. "But first let me set down the sugar-bowl."

He evidently was not aware that I held anything in my hand, for, grasping both my wrists, he continued, hurriedly:

"I am well aware that this is a strange place and a strange time to ask this question; but I am a strange man, and the ways of the world are not my ways. I may not make my mark as a lover, but as a husband I think I shall be a success. Belle, will you be my wife one of these days? and if so, will you be pleased to name as early a day as possible?"

Down went the sugar-bowl on to the table with a force which sent the saccharine particles in a little shower all over the tea-tray. Who ever heard of such a wooing?

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," was my answer to this most fervent appeal—very like a schoolgirl of twelve, from whom some rude boy has slyly stolen a kiss. This was all the consideration it received, and, walking out into the kitchen, for the next half hour I roasted myself over the range, turning muffins and poaching eggs. A proposal of marriage, a love disclosure, before breakfast! Where was my moonlight? where the conservatory? where the ripple of murmuring waters? I looked at myself in Bridget's glass, and burst into a fit of laughter. A gingham wrapper, white apron, hair tied plainly back with a bit of blue ribbon, a black streak on my forehead, which an unskillful handling of the range tools had been the means of placing there, a face the color of a boiled lobster—this was the figure I saw in the mirror. This was the young lady who had just been proposed to—the lady whose fastidious ideas on such subjects had never suggested anything short of the most romantic situations for such rare and delightful occasions.

Of course Philip Hamilton heard me laugh, and of course he believed it to be a laugh of derision—which, after all, it really was not—and so, when I did control myself sufficiently to take my place at the coffee-urn, he was nowhere to be seen. I did feel a little ashamed at having laughed, and grieved for hurting his feelings; but, then, no girl would ever think twice of a man who could be simpleton enough to make a declaration of love under such

commonplace and utterly unromantic circumstances. That evening I received the following note:

"MISS CLARKE: You think me a fool; allow me to assure you that you have not erred in your estimation of my character; and I beg you will pardon me for adding, that you can just as surely make up your mind in reference to the character of any other man who shall follow in my footsteps with a declaration of love."

"Very respectfully, PHILIP HAMILTON."

If after this he had taken himself away, I could have managed well enough; but he remained, it would seem on purpose to annoy me, for I knew he could not enjoy himself a particle. Aunt convalesced, and comprehended that Philip and I had quarreled; and at times, without asking any questions, she looked so seeingly, and even reproachfully at me, that I was forced to believe she had received a full account of the disagreeable performance from Philip Hamilton's own lips; but I kept my counsel, and took no notice of the gentleman whatever. Other guests came, and among them Sidney Loomis, the handsomest man I ever saw. His manners were as faultless as his personal appearance; and then he was so thoroughly educated and refined! He had traveled all over creation; could speak French and Spanish and German fluently. The eloquent powers of this talented man I had never seen equalled. His voice was deep and melodious, and his ability to delineate character wonderful in the extreme. No, I did not fall desperately in love with him, as I expected, and almost desired. There was, however, something extremely fascinating in the low tones and tender glances which, from the first, he used when in my presence; and there was every reason to suppose that the acquaintance would not end there.

To my great joy, Philip had been away all the first week of Mr. Loomis's visit, and had not yet seen the gentleman.

"If I were in your place, Belle," said my aunt one morning, as she saw me preparing for a horseback ride with our new guest, "I would not consent to take any strolls with Mr. Loomis. He is very pleasant and agreeable, and all that; but I have a singular impression about that man, which, to save my life I cannot shake off. It seems to me that he isn't quite honest."

Poor dear aunt, long since gone home! How mild she always was in her criticisms. Wasn't quite honest! I guess not.

A half-hour of brilliant conversation—so wondrous with gems of foreign travel, delicate flattery, favorable comparisons in reference to my style of beauty and intellectual development, with what he had seen abroad—caused me to forget all my aunt had said, and yielding to his suggestions, we dismounted and led our horses to my favorite nook in the woods. A pleasant continuation of our conversation about books and authors, a gradual slide into the realms of the imagination and metaphysical—and before I knew it, my hand was in his, resting as quietly as though this were not its first visit there.

A crackling of the underbrush caused us both to look quietly around. We saw nothing, and said "It must have been the horses."

"Have you ever, Miss Belle, realized your ideal? Of course you, with your poetic nature, must have formed one very early in life?" said Mr. Loomis, smoothing back his wavy hair.

I commenced to have, then, a glimmering of what was to follow.

"I think one rarely ever does realize one's ideal," I replied, faintly.

"In this you are mistaken. I have had to come to Brook Farm to find my ideal. How strange it is!" he continued, dreamily. "A little girl with the low brow and soft gazelle eyes—dear eyes—that I have dreamed about for years—"

"Loomis, I want you!" just then came from a deep voice close by. I looked up, and there stood Philip Hamilton. To my utter consternation, my companion immediately arose and approached the intruder. "Excuse me a moment," said Mr. Loomis, bowing slightly, but with evident effort; "I have a little private business with this gentleman;" and they walked off together.

I watched them tremblingly. If ever two men were mad, those two were. Unable to resist the impulse, I followed softly behind them. I heard Mr. Hamilton say, "Tell me, Loomis, what you have done with my sister, and I'll forgive you all the rest—provided you will go away and leave this little girl, and promise never to see her again. Loomis, where is my darling sister?" Oh, those tones were enough to melt the heart of a stone!

"Your sister is a—" Horrible words, that I can never soil my page with.

"You lie!" screamed Philip; and in a second more they were clinched in a hand-to-hand fight, and almost before I could have time to utter a word, the coward Loomis had discharged his pistol at his antagonist, and with the speed of lightning ran away.

"Don't be frightened!" said Philip, trying hard to preserve his equilibrium. "I'll sit down few moments. Oh, it's nothing but a flesh-wound!" as he saw my terror.

The ball had entered the fleshy part of the right shoulder and lodged there, so he said, and so it afterward seemed. Before we reached the road, he became very faint, and it's always been a mystery to me how he managed to endure that ride to the cottage; but nothing would induce him to allow me to gallop home, and send a carriage.

Once, when we were almost home, he said: "Miss Belle, why don't you talk?"

"Because," I replied "I hate myself so thoroughly, that I do not think I shall ever be in love with the sound of my own voice again."

"Don't be unreasonable," he argued. "My sister was as good and as pure as you, and yet she—she loved Sidney Loomis."

"Well, I don't love him, nor never should," I answered, bursting into tears.

"Well, don't cry, Miss Belle. I shouldn't wonder if this day's work laid you up!"

Not a word about his own suffering, although his face was blanched with pain.

The ball was extracted, and in a week he could walk about with his arm in a sling.

"You have been very kind to me, Belle, since this happened," said Phillip, one evening, glancing down at his arm. "More kind than I could ever have expected. What has caused it?"

The moonlight streamed in at the open window; the sweet fragrance of auntie's posies were wafted in also; there was poetry in the very bandage that confined the dear fellow's arm; and I think, with all my romance, I never was so romantic before. Then, you know I had not yet apologized for my unladylike treatment of him in the morning he asked me to be his wife. So I said: "Perhaps you have never thought I was sorry for my rudeness, that morning; but I am."

"Yes—well—I supposed so; but that don't make me any the less a fool. It was the first time in my life that I ever yielded to an impulse, but you did look so pretty that morning. However, don't look so annoyed, Miss Belle; I will never trouble you again. Still, you alluded to it first. I am afraid it is a little damp out here for you."

What is the use to go on?

Of course it ended by my showing very plainly that I had thoroughly repented, recanted, and all that sort of thing; and when we walked into the house again, I was Phillip Hamilton's promised wife.

Of course aunt was told of the situation, and of course there was the *dénouement*, including marriage settlements, vows, lace, and orange-blossoms. I am bound to say, however, that Phillip rarely ever troubles me before breakfast, usually reserving any little attentions till the steak and coffee have been attended to. This is as it should be, for though a man may make a proposal on an empty stomach, it would take an angel to carry this sort of thing into matrimony.

NEWS BREVITIES.

NEW JERSEY has had two Gubernatorial messages this Winter.

NINETY THOUSAND emigrants left Germany last year, nearly all for the United States.

A COMPANY has been organized in Naples to run steamships between that city and New York.

ESPARTERO has declined the title of Prince of Vergara, offered him by King Amadeus.

FRENCH ladies residing abroad are opening bazaars to raise money to pay off the French war debts.

THE first Turco-European train over the railroad skirting the Sea of Marmara entered Istanbul January 16th, crossing the old Seraglio ground.

PERSIMMON-BEER is a favorite drink in Georgia. One glass of it will "knock down the persimmons," and the man outside, too.

S. CH. is the dread of smallpox at the West. Some of the Aldermen there suggest that the State arms be vaccinated.

THROUGH tickets around the world are now issued, the price being \$1,145 in gold, and the running time eighty-one days.

A monster cannon, made in an American foundry for the Turkish Government, has arrived at Topkapi, the arsenal at Constantinople.

ENGLAND has a gun called the "Woolwich Infant," which throws a ball weighing 700 pounds. It is the largest gun that country has ever produced.

THE Secretary of War has asked Congress to appropriate \$42,000 to complete the marble statue of Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott.

THE so-called Countess of Derwentwater has renewed her claims, before the British Courts, and the estate and Earldom of Derwentwater.

THE Ex-Queen Isabella and the Duke Montpensier met at Geneva recently and effected a reconciliation.

THE Trade-Mark Convention between Austria and the United States has been submitted to Diet at Pesth, for ratification on the part of the Kingdom of Hungary.

A NUMBER of ex-officers of the French army at the invitation of the Japanese Government, about to proceed to Japan, to instruct the native army in military tactics.

A BOSTON coroner has been accused of presenting bills for viewing bodies that he never sees. He gets \$4 a head, and gets ahead about \$400 a time.

THE paintings owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art have been conveyed to the building No. 681 Fifth Avenue, pending the erection of a permanent structure.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the bronze statue of Hon. Horace Greeley, to be placed opposite the Franklin, at Printing-House Square, have reached over \$6,000.

PRESIDENT THIERS issues invitations to the Republican as follows: "The President of the French Republic and Madame Thiers pray that M.—will accept the honor of coming to dinner on Saturday, the 10th of February."

THE Chinese of California have petitioned Congress for a reduction of the duty on rice, were met with the objection that, as they are foreigners, they were not entitled to the right petition.

Some of the houses in that quarter Venice known as the Ghetto are as many as 10 stories high. Such a tallsome ascent reminds one of the once popular melody, "Sicch a Ghetto up-stairs."

THIS queer bit of news appears in Columbus (Ohio) Statesman: "We have a distressing rumor that the wife of a man living in Worthington, while kicking at her husband during a domestic on Saturday last, struck her little girl in the head with such force that death followed in a few minutes."

A GERMAN steam-frigate and a French steamer have reached Port-au-Prince, to protest demands on the Haytien Government, former for damages sustained by the German subjects of the Republic, which will amount to a sum, and the latter for the interest on debt due France.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE STATUE OF FRANKLIN, IN PRINTING-HOUSE SQUARE, UNVEILED JANUARY 17TH, 1872.

THE FRANKLIN STATUE.

WEDNESDAY, January 17th, the 166th anniversary of the birthday of Benjamin Franklin, was appropriately celebrated in New York by unveiling and presenting to the Press of the city the finely-modeled bronze statue of the eminent journalist, donated by Captain de Groot. Printing-House Square was happily chosen as the site of the monument, and at noon over ten thousand persons had congregated in the immediate vicinity to witness the ceremony. A stage was erected for the accommodation of the officiating gentlemen, and neatly trimmed with bunting. The old banner of the New York Typographical Society, founded in 1809, occupied a prominent position.

The crowd of spectators was called to order by Dr. Prime, and Dr. Deems offered prayer. Then the venerable Professor Morse, who had risen from a sick-couch for the purpose of complimenting the printers by unveiling the statue, pulled a streamer, the large flag slipped down, the band struck up, cannon boomed in the City Hall Park, and the immense concourse of typemen greeted the display with lusty cheers. Mr. Greeley followed with an interesting address, presenting the statue, in behalf of Captain de Groot, to the journalistic profession. The gift was accepted by Mr. Savage, President of the Board of Trustees of the New York Typographical Society.

The statue is nearly twelve feet high, and rests on a pedestal of granite. The figure is clad in the court-dress worn by Franklin when Minister to France, the left hand extending a copy of the "Pennsylvania Gazette, Monday, April 16th, 1778." The pose is natural, and the expression of the face intelligent, firm and genial.

A banquet was given the donor in the evening, which was attended by a select party of our best-known journalists and publishers.

REV. DR. DE SOLA.

THE opening of the United States House of Representatives, on the 9th of January, was



WASHINGTON CITY.—REV. DR. DE SOLA, JEWISH RABBI FROM MONTREAL, OPENING THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES WITH PRAYER.

marked by an unusual scene. For the first time a foreign clergyman was honored with the privilege of making the customary invocation to the Throne of Grace—the Rev. Abraham De Sola, LL.D., Professor of Oriental Literature in McGill University, Montreal, Canada, and officiating minister at the Portuguese Synagogue. The gentleman thus favored was born in London, England, but has lived since 1847 in Montreal. Dr. De Sola is an exceedingly well-read man, and his literary and scientific labors have brought him into great prominence. He possesses much of the eloquent power for which his father—an eminent Hebrew divine, well-known for his theological works—was celebrated. As a lecturer he is profound and popular, his long and careful studies giving him a range of subjects beyond common reach. He is President of the Natural History Society of Montreal, and an active member of various learned bodies.

Besides his literary activity, Dr. De Sola has uniformly identified himself with every movement calculated to promote the intellectual advancement of the community in which he lives. He has been elected honorary member of various literary and scientific societies, both in Europe and America, and the good-will of his friends has made him the recipient of several testimonials of a flattering and valuable character.

Dr. De Sola is a genial gentleman, of medium height, somewhat inclined to stoutness, and exhibits all the qualities of an educated and refined Jewish clergyman.

GRAVE OF COL. FISK.

THE funeral ceremonies over the remains of the late Colonel James Fisk, Jr., at Brattleboro, Vt., on Tuesday, January 9th, were unusually mournful. The body was removed from the funeral-car to the Revere House, where it lay in state, that the old friends and recipients of his unstinted bounty might take a last look at the full, benign face. After the long, sad procession of villagers had passed, the remains were deposited on a sleigh, and, accompanied by the escort and

friends, were drawn to the Baptist church, where impressive religious services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Jenkins, and Chaplain Flagg of the Ninth Regiment. As the procession started for the burial-place, the evidences of esteem were deeply affecting. The bell of the church tolled dimly, and the sleighs proceeded slowly over the ice and snow, up a winding path, until the cemetery was reached; then another circuitous road was traversed, until the hearse was drawn up before a new-made grave on the edge of the declivity. Below is a valley deep and dim, and directly opposite, a stretch of the Mantasket Mountain.

The pall-bearers were: Lieutenant-Colonel Braine, Major Hitchcock, Colonel W. E. Van Wyck; and Captains Miller, Spencer and Barrows. The officers stood in a body on the right of the relatives, with Mrs. Fisk and Mrs. Hooker in front. On the left of the grave the chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Flagg, was mounted on the newly turned up sand. The multitude gathered mournfully around, and doffed their hats. The casket having been placed upon the trestle-work over the grave, Dr. Flagg invoked a solemn blessing upon the assemblage; then, at a signal, straps were put under the coffin, and the mortal remains of James Fisk, Jr., were lowered to the bottom of the grave.

Colonel Fisk's entire uniform, sword and all, is buried with him, excepting his splendid diamond badge, which Mrs. Fisk will keep as a memento.

EDWARD WARREN, M.D.

PROFESSOR EDWARD WARREN, the medical expert, who so greatly distinguished himself in the trial of Mrs. Wharton, which was long in progress in Annapolis, was born in Tyrrell County, N. C., on the 22d of January, 1828. He received his preliminary education at the Edenton Academy, and completed his college course in the Literary Department of the University of Virginia. He subsequently graduated in a single session in the Medical Department of that institution, and afterward in the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. He then went abroad, and continued his studies in the hospitals of Paris; and on his return, settled in Edenton, N. C., where, for several years, he practiced medicine, in association with his father, Dr. W. C. Warren, who was the leading physician of that section of the country. In 1856 he successfully competed for the Fisk Fund Prize, writing an essay on "Consumption," which was published by the Medical Society of Rhode Island, and has been regarded



VERMONT.—THE GRAVE OF THE LATE JAMES FISK, JR., AT BRATTLEBORO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY.

It has been placed in the new screw-steamer called the *Trinacria*, which has lately been added to the Anchor Line, plying between this port and Liverpool and Glasgow. The commander, Captain Thomson, reports his entire approval of the new rudder, and states that all the pilots who have had charge of the vessel specially remarked how quickly, easily and effectually the ship has been steered.

A REWARD FOR BRAVERY.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has just presented to John Hussey, a longshoreman of acknowledged heroism, a beautiful silver medal, ribbon and clasp. Though the express object of the medal was to reward the brave fellow for rescuing a drowning horse in the East River, the other acts of courage and gallantry were fully appreciated. Twelve human beings, some, alas! who had attempted suicide, and seven horses, have been saved by him from watery graves. The merchants of South Street, some time ago, presented him with a gold medal for rescuing a drowning man, and this gift of Mr. Bergh's Society—the first, by-the-way, it has ever made—will, no doubt, find a place beside the other on the noble breast of the recipient. The medal bears on one side the well-known shield of the Society, and on the other is engraved the official vote.

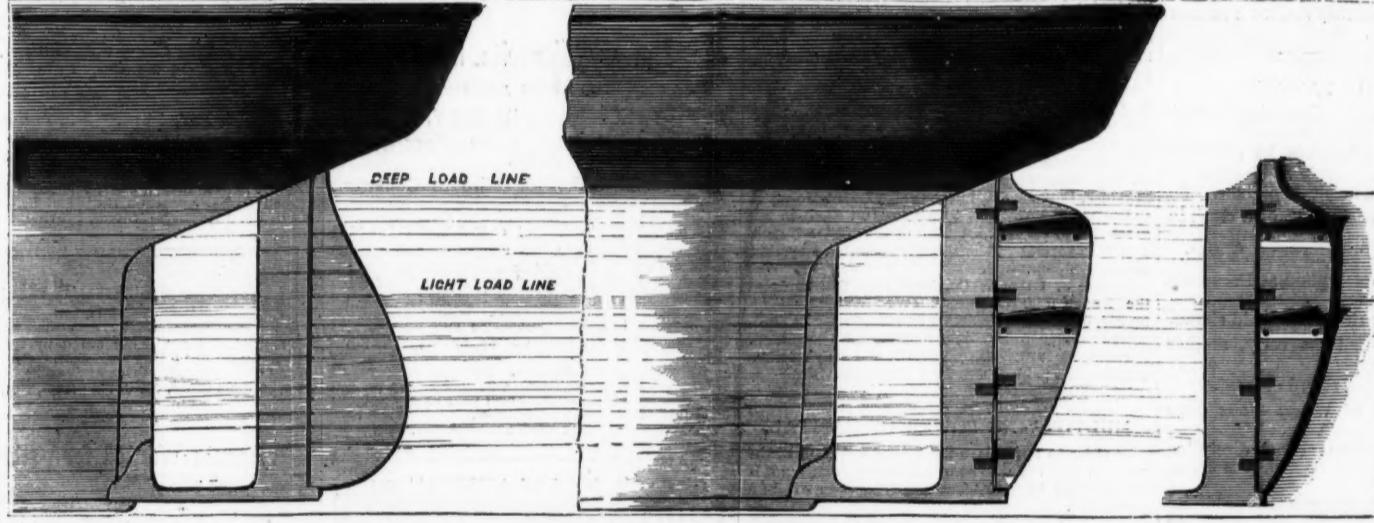
Mr. Bergh presented the medal with the following remarks:

"MR. HUSSEY: It has come to the knowledge of this Society that, on the 9th day of September, at Pier No. 47, East River, at the imminent risk of your life, you rescued a horse from drowning, which had accidentally fallen into the river.

"Courage, combined with humanity, is at all times admirable; but when it is exhibited in behalf of an inferior animal—one to which it is supposed is denied the faculty of recognizing its benefactor, or of testifying its sense of gratitude—the act seems all the more meritorious, by reason of the total absence of all selfish considerations.

"As an evidence of its appreciation of this daring and generous deed, and in the hope and belief that it will be admired and emulated by all to whom it may become known, the Society, yielding to my suggestion, has caused to be prepared, and at its request I now present you, this medal.

"Receive it, and let it be a passport to the



THE NEW PATENT FISH-TAIL RUDDER.

as a text-book to the medical profession ever since. During the same year he established the *Medical Journal of North Carolina*, and made it a success. In 1860 he was elected Professor of *Materia Medica* in the University of Maryland, and removed to Baltimore, where he remained until the breaking out of the war.

In 1861 he entered the Confederate army, and soon greatly distinguished himself as a surgeon and an executive officer. After the battle of Newbern he was made Medical Director of the Department of Cape Fear, and was subsequently promoted to the distinguished position of Medical Inspector of the Army of Northern Virginia, by General Lee himself, on the battlefield near Mechanicsville, Va., June 28th, 1862. After the election of the Hon. Z. B. Vance to the Gubernatorial chair of North Carolina, he was offered and accepted the position of Surgeon-General of North Carolina, in which office he continued until the conclusion of the war. By a special act of the Legislature of North Carolina, his services in this connection were rewarded by a promotion from the rank of colonel to that of brigadier-general of cavalry, with the pay and allowances pertaining thereto.

Taking advantage of the opportunities for study which his residence at the State capital afforded, he prepared and published an "Epitome of Practical Surgery," which was received with great favor by the profession, and the first edition immediately exhausted. After the termination of the war he returned to Baltimore, and again engaged in the practice of his profession. He soon took a prominent position in the medical world. In 1869, in conjunction with some other leading physicians, he established the Washington Medical University of Baltimore, and continued to hold the Professorship of Surgery therein until April last, when he resigned that chair in order that he might devote his attention exclusively to the large practice, especially in surgery, which he had succeeded in securing.

Dr. Warren believes Mrs. Wharton innocent, and thinks that General Ketchum died of cerebro-spinal meningitis, and not of tartar-emetic poisoning. In this opinion he is sustained by many leading medical men; and, whether right or wrong, he has certainly maintained his theory with great ability and success. The bold stand which he has taken in this matter has made him enemies in Baltimore, but he is just the man to brave public opinion in a cause which he believes to be just, and to go ahead without regard to consequences.

THE NEW PATENT FISH-TAIL RUDDER.

THIS rudder is an invention of Doctor J. McGregor Croft, a physician of London. It has been fitted to several small vessels, and its superiority over the ordinary rudder has been fully proved.



MEDAL PRESENTED TO JOHN HUSSEY, BY THE "SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS," FOR RESCUING A DROWNING HORSE.



PROFESSOR EDWARD WARREN, M.D., OF BALTIMORE.

commendation of all good people now, and serve hereafter as an honorable memento to your family."

WHISKY ON THE PLAINS.

SINCE the pale-faces introduced "firewater" among the red men of the West, those supple warriors have enjoyed full opportunity for witnessing the effects of spirituous libations.

The honest chiefs—if any such there be—insist that all the Indian troubles arise from whisky-drinking and cheating practices in which they have been initiated by the whites.

Whatever may be the cause or result, it is certain that the Indians long since attained the faculty of drinking the most rasping liquor without water.

We have before us a characteristic sketch of a scene of quite frequent occurrence on the frontier. Notwithstanding the strict laws against selling liquor to the Indians, there are hundreds of white traders continually adding fuel to the fire of discord, by dealing out the vilest poisons in exchange for skins and game.

The hiding-place of one of these men, near the Nebraska plains, was recently discovered by the United States troops, and, after arresting the trader, several men were sent out to capture the whisky. In the meantime, word had passed from Indian to Indian, and by the time the soldiers reached the spot, a goodly number of "braves" were found loitering around. The barrels were placed on mules, and the soldiers undertook to return, when the demonstrations of the spectators became so threatening, that they feared they should be unable to accomplish their mission. Having positive orders, however, they concluded that if they could not bring the liquor to camp, they would destroy it, and accordingly they began knocking in the barrel-heads, allowing the contents to escape in streams and pools along the ground.

Then the excitement commenced. The Indians raised loud shouts, dismounted from their saddles, and, throwing themselves on the ground, drank eagerly of the confiscated liquor. Still the liquid flowed, and still the Indians drank. Now and then one fell over in a drunken stupor, and the soldiers thought their danger was nearly past, when suddenly a large party of horsemen appeared, galloping at a break-neck speed for the grand "treat." Haste was necessary, for the liquor was quickly absorbed by the earth; but the warriors were equal to the crisis, and by the time the soldiers were ready to return, thirty-five Indians were utterly incapable of motion, and almost as many so intoxicated that they started a furious fight among themselves.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

ENTERTAINING knowledge—Learning the cost of a heavy feed.

A DRUNKEN ballet-master says he practices his attitudes at the glass.

The tobacco-chewer's music—*Spit-tune*.

TICK-DOULOUBEUX—The sound of a clock in a sick man's room.

THE VOICE OF NATURE—The mountain's peak.

WHY is love like a Scotch plaid? Because it is all stuffed, and often crossed.

QUELQUO shows pour rire?—Barmaid shows.

SONG OF THE FAWN—Call me early, mother dear.

A ROUND of pleasure—A round of toast.

MOTTO for a Board of Works—Jobs done here.

DOUBTLESS.—A writer on school discipline says, "Without a liberal use of the rod, it is impossible to make a boy smart."

A HARD-WOOD bolt is the most appropriate fastening for a door after midnight, because it's one oak lock.

AN IRISHMAN, describing the growth of potatoes in his native island, said as a clincher, "An' shure a bushel of them would fill a barrel."

AN ENGLISH clergymen tells a story illustrating the way some persons read the Bible, looking upon it as a kind of charm or fetish. He was called to visit a dying woman, and when he went, he found her husband, his eyes streaming with tears, reading to her a list of genealogies from the Book of Chronicles.

A BABY lately had the misfortune to swallow the contents of an ink-bottle. Its mother, with wonderful presence of mind, immediately administered a box of steel pens and two sheets of foolscap paper, and the child has felt write inside ever since.

A WIFE who had been lecturing her husband for coming home intoxicated, became incensed at his indifference, and exclaimed: "Oh, that I could wring tears of anguish from your eyes!" To which the hardened wretch hiccupped, "Tal-tal-tal-n't no use, old woman, to b-b-bore for water here."

A DENTIST was recently saved from drowning by a laborer, and from the depths of his grateful heart exclaimed: "Nobie, brave, gallant man! how shall I reward you? Only come to my house, and I will cheerfully pull out every tooth you have in your head, and not charge you a sixpence."

A DEMURE-LOOKING chap hailed a charcoal peddler with this query, "Have you got charcoal in your wagon?" "Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses. "That's right," observed the demure chap, with an approving nod; "always tell the truth and people will respect you!" And he hurried on, much to the regret of the peddler, who was getting out of the wagon to look for a brick.

SPOKESMAN of the delegation of the aldermen of Smokebury, who wait upon our friend Stodge with reference to his painting the likeness of the respected mayor, to be placed in the town-hall: "We thought, Mr. Stodge, we should like a half length portrait, for which we would pay you five hundred dollars." Painter: "And which half, vertically, gentlemen, would you propose I should paint for that sum?"

THE following dialogue is said to have taken place in a school-house near Salisbury, England: "Now, then, the first boy of the grammar-class stand up!" First boy stands up, blushing. "Here I be, sir," Examiner: "Well, my good boy, can you tell me what vowels are?" First boy: "Vowls, sir—Eas, of course, I can." Examiner: "Tell me, then, what are vowels?" First boy, grinning at the simplicity of the question: "Vowls, sir? Why, vowels be chickens!"

ONE of our regular bores was observed to be very silent and reserved the other afternoon. He suddenly rose from his chair, and called for a gallon of ink, a box of steel pens, and a ream of foolscap paper, and wrote the following: "When are religious subjects for entomologists?—When they are insects?" As soon as he had concluded writing, he screamed aloud, rushed to the pantry, seized a corkscrew, and tried to wind his watch up with it; after which he undressed himself, sat on the window-sill, and pealed the passers-by with chairs, boots, and flat-irons, until he was rescued and carried off to bed, where he remained, and amused himself by trying to make twice two five.

"SAM," said a minister of Dumblane to his man-of-all work one day, "you must bottle the cask of whisky this afternoon; but as the vapor from the whisky may be injurious, take a glass before you begin, to prevent intoxication." Now, Samuel was an old soldier, and was never in better spirits than when bottling whisky, and having received from his master a special license to taste, he went to work most heartily. Some hours after the minister visited the cellar to inspect progress, and was horrified to find Sam lying his full length on the floor, and unconscious of all around, "Sam!" said the minister, "you have not taken my advice yet—you see the consequence. Rise, Sam, and take a glass; it may restore you." Sam, nothing loth, took the glass from the minister's hand, and, having emptied it, said, "Oh, sir, this is the thirteenth glass I've ta'en, but I'm nae better."

ADVANCEMENT IN MUSICAL ART.

IT is a curious commentary on the practical character of the American people, that by far the largest quantity, as well as the finest quality, of pianofortes made in any country are of our manufacture. The last thirty years have seen an advancement in this art without parallel in the history of the arts. During this period, the musical taste of our people has become so developed and refined, that mechanical ingenuity has been stimulated to the production of a class of instruments of superior excellence.

Among the first to foresee the progress of the art of music in this country was the firm of William Knabe & Co., who established themselves in Baltimore, Md., more than thirty years ago. At first they enjoyed an exclusive reputation in the West, Southwest and Europe for the character of their work, but within the last ten years they have so increased their facilities and extended their field of trade, that they now enjoy high rank among the best manufacturers. Their instruments are justly considered as treasures among the professional and exclusive circles of metropolitan society.

The Messrs. Knabe have made the manufacture of pianos quite an art of itself, and succeeded in producing an instrument which possesses all the excellencies of the very best manufactured in the world.

The Knabe Piano enjoys qualities of its own which are not possessed by any other. Its wonderfully sympathetic quality, assimilating more nearly with the human voice than any other instrument, is a remarkable feature. Its resonance, capacity for sustained tones, full rich melody of every note, clearness of articulation and directness of action, are the qualities that have secured its remarkable popularity.

There is, in fact, at once a fullness, brilliancy and delicacy in the musical effects produced by the Knabe Piano, which other instruments only strive after, or, at best, reach but in part.

The firm of Knabe & Co. have their agency in New York, at 650 Broadway—the establishment of Julius Bauer & Co.—where these instruments can be seen in the varieties of square, grand, and upright, and where professionals habitually congregate to register their opinions of the instrument. (An agency of the firm of J. Bauer & Co., in the Crosby Opera House at Chicago, was burnt out, with all its full stock, in the great fire, while four hundred of the Knabe Pianos, rented in various residences, were destroyed by that terrible conflagration.)

Messrs. J. Bauer & Co. have sold thousands of the Knabe Pianos without ever having one returned, or any dissatisfaction exhibited with its character or ability to sustain the reputation it has gained. It competes fairly with all others, and only requires examination to be chosen from among all.

MULTIPLYING POWER OF CAPITAL.

IN order to appreciate the immense wealth of the country, and the rate at which it is increasing, it is well to refer back to what has been done within a generation. Aside from the vast amount of lands which have been reclaimed, fenced and improved, where professionals habitually congregate to register their opinions of the instrument. (An agency of the firm of J. Bauer & Co., in the Crosby Opera House at Chicago, was burnt out, with all its full stock, in the great fire, while four hundred of the Knabe Pianos, rented in various residences, were destroyed by that terrible conflagration.)

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IT OVERCOMES OBJECTIONS.

constantly made by those using other pins. Unlike them, the wire is formed into a long and short spiral coil.

The pin is pointed at the end, and is of triangular shape, which will allow it easily to penetrate one or more thicknesses of cloth. When confined, the sharp point is perfectly inclosed and secure, and cannot become loosened except by hand manipulation.

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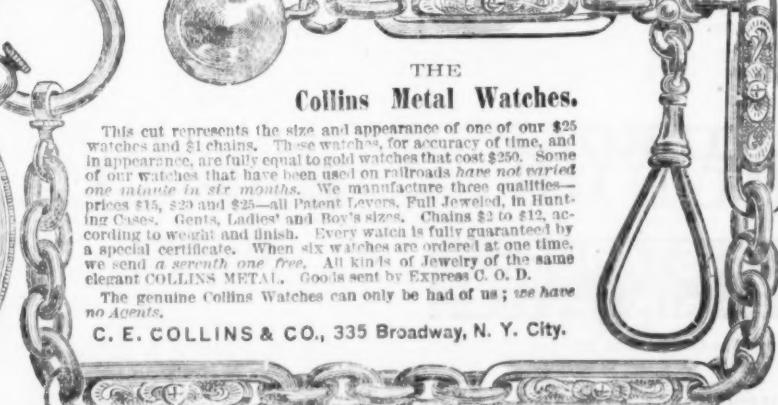
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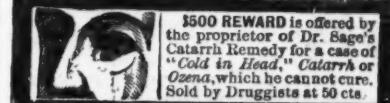
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